

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

How changed the scene from that I lately sang,  
Of summer in the woods!

When all the leafy coverts rang,

Down to the deepest solitudes,

With sweet bird-harmonies of song

From the wild feathered throng.

But now the furious wind's sonorous bass

Sounds through the naked trees:

Music spreads forth her wing,

And in the air float melodies, which chase

Each other as they please,

And gambol as in ecstasies;

Each tree a harp, and every branch a string,

Touched by a hand unseen, now low, now high,

Outriving rapturous refrains,

And with great heaven's own minstrelsy

Flooding the hills and plains.

Some tremulous leaves still hang upon the  
boughs,

Quivering 'twixt life and death,

And yonder willow sways and sighs and bows,

Before the frost hath breathed her wintry  
breath,

And the last leaf falls flickering to its tomb,—  
Relic of brightness and of bloom.

Walk through the wood, thrilled to the in-  
most core

By the wild concert of celestial sounds

In God's cathedral. Hear the wondrous roar

Of nature's organ, echoing in rounds

From the high headland to the ocean shore.

Magnificently grand!

This is God's minster-choir,

By the blue heavens o'erspanned;

And now the song bursts forth from harp and  
lyre,

A hallelujah chorus loud,

A hurricane of praise which sweeps

Triumphantly from cloud to cloud,

As though the very heavens were bowed,

And then in silence sleeps.

Sweet silence! like the cadence of a psalm:

The storm was sudden, and the hallowing  
calm

As sudden as the storm;

Not a breath stirs, and zephyr soft as balm

Brings peace in its most lovely form.

Only the whispering rill I hear,

With its mild vesper hymn the trees among,

And, beautifully clear,

The robin's plaintive song.

Sunday Magazine.

B.

OH! thou, whose heart is scarred and worn,

Whom plans bewilder, cares oppress,—

By disappointment overborne,

Or overjoyed at earth's success,—

The fir woods call to thee to come,

Their lonely depths are never dumb.

For there is never day so still,

So lulled to sleep, but some light breeze,

Unnoticed else, doth faintly fill

The topmost foliage of the trees,

And those tall, tapering crests are stirred,  
And the eternal whisper heard.

And there is never day so rude,

So vexed with blasts that howl and drive,

But in this dark and silent wood

The winds are hushed, or only give—

Howe'er the tree-tops rock and swing—

Depth to their solemn murmuring.

G. A. HOLMES.

## A SUICIDE.

JUDGE not! 'Tis past thy ken;

Strangely the web of destiny is ordered;

In highest-natured men

The loftiest wit with depths of madness  
bordered!

Judge not! The taper's light

Is too small measure for volcanoes' burning;

This constant, feebly-bright,—

That sudden, with wild flame, all barriers  
spurning.

Judge not! Beyond the grave

We shall know better the immense, great  
trial;

This man submits, a slave;

The other fights, and dies, in fierce denial.

But He who views the strife,

Calm from without, more wise than those  
within it,

Counts the long "Yes" of life,

Not the one "No," the single faithless  
minute.

Spectator.

## TWO SEASONS.

CAN this be spring? These tearful lights  
that break

Across wet uplands in the windy dawn

Are paler than the primroses, that make

Dim glories on the banks of field and lawn;

Wild blasts are sweeping o'er the garden beds,

Wild clouds are drifting through the dull,

grey skies,

And early flowers, rain-beaten, hang their  
heads;

Can it be spring that wears this stormy  
guise?

CAN this be autumn? Freshly green and fair

The meadows glisten in the morning rays,

Touches of brown and crimson, here and there,

Are all that tell us that the year decays.

We would not have the old year young again;

If this be death, we find him passing sweet;

Watching the soft hues change on hill and  
plain,

We wait in peace the calm destroyer's feet.

Good Words.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

From The Contemporary Review.  
CLARENDON.

## PART II.

### AFTER HIS FIRST EXILE.

In the summer of 1645 the military affairs of Charles went swiftly to wreck, and Sir Edward Hyde and the Lords Capel and Hopton were told off to form a council for the Prince of Wales. They fell back with the prince into the west of England, and were soon forced to leave the mainland. They first set foot on St. Mary, one of the Scilly Isles, and after a pause of a few weeks proceeded to Jersey, where the little court was broken up. Prince Charles, yielding to the commands of his mother, joined her in Paris. Hyde, with Capel and Hopton, remained in the island.

His situation was well fitted to depress or break the strongest spirit. In the prime of manhood, he saw his ambition thwarted, his professional prospects blighted, his patrimony in the hands of his enemies. Now, however, it was that his best qualities shone out. He did not sink into the angry egotistic brooding of disappointed vanity, or seek relief in vociferous execration. In patience he possessed his soul. *Qui bene latuit bene vixit*, he inscribed on his house in Jersey, and proved that, if he fell short in those kingly and conquering qualities indispensable for success in enterprises of great pith and moment, he was richly endowed with the virtues that light a man's face in the shade. Like all the noble Cavaliers, he was devoutly religious, and his Church had never been so dear to him as when her proscribed services were his solace in exile. He began a commentary on the Psalms. He walked daily on the sands of the bay with his friends, Capel and Hopton, experiencing, we may presume, that soothing influence which "Sophocles long ago," and Homer before him, and Mr. Matthew Arnold after him, have attributed to the melancholy music of the sea.

But his main resource was the composition of that historical work, in which he, being dead, still speaks to all civilized men. The month in which he landed in the Scilly Isles had not closed before he com-

menced a narrative of the events in which he had been engaged, and during the two years of his abode in Jersey he completed that part of the work which describes the beginning of the troubles, the rupture between king and Parliament, and the defeat of the Episcopalian royalists. This is by far the most important part of the whole, for in it he pronounces upon the conduct of the two great parties at the moment when the civil war broke out. The nature of his decision is well known. It is expressed in his title,—"The Great Rebellion." In these words he takes for granted exactly what he had to prove. The Parliamentary majority who engaged in war with Charles would have committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason any man who had dared to apply to them the word "rebels." Pym and Hampden made no appeal to the right of insurrection, claimed no license to break with the historic past of England. They professed to aim with all simplicity at perpetuating, under the conditions imposed by the age, the ancient liberties of their country. Their contention, logically stated, was not that they rebelled justly, but that they did not rebel at all; and it was this plea which Clarendon, by the very name on his title-page, puts out of sight.

Herr von Ranke delivers the following opinion on Clarendon:—

The effect which an historical work can have is, perhaps, nowhere seen more strongly than in the "History of the Rebellion." The view of the event in England itself and in the educated world generally, has been determined by the book. The best authors have repeated it, and even those who combat it do not get beyond the point of view given by him; they refute him in details, but leave his views in the main unshaken. Clarendon belongs to those who have essentially fixed the circle of ideas for the English nation.

It is true that in Clarendon's book there dwells, as it were incarnate, that subtle and potent persuasiveness which lured Falkland to his doom and sealed the ruin of thousands of gallant and honest gentlemen. His history may be defined as the grand mistake of his life stated in language; and if neither he nor the multitude he misled penetrated that mistake at the

time it was made, it was perhaps to be expected that several generations should fail to discern its character when set forth on the printed page. But it is not true that "the best authors" have repeated Clarendon, or have not got beyond his point of view, or have refuted him only in details. The best authors who have written on the Puritan Revolution — Hallam, Brodie, Forster, Macaulay,\* Carlyle, Masson, Sanford, Bruce, Goldwin Smith, Green, and others — take an irreconcilably different view of the whole affair from that of Clarendon. Herr von Ranke states with nice precision the reverse of the fact, when he says that they refute him in details, but leave his general scheme unshaken; for they accept from him not a few matters of detail as authentic and important, but demonstrate his theory and conception of the business to be egregiously wrong. What I have described as the grand mistake of his life was vindicated by himself in a series of plausible and well-worded documents, which delighted Charles and had a profound effect upon simple-hearted, simple-minded Cavaliers; but men of strength and insight on both sides even then saw through them. The surface-logic and rhetorical varnish of those manifestoes have been reproduced in his history; but consummately able men, thorough in research, sharp and sure in judgment — men in several instances of great genius — have rubbed off the paint and displayed the canvas. No hand will ever lay that paint again.

In his powerful book on the Great Remonstrance, Mr. Forster argues that Clarendon deliberately falsified the record of those transactions in which he took part in 1641 and 1642, and Mr. Brodie has been equally explicit in his charge of untruth. While not daring to maintain against such accusers the perfect good faith of Clarendon, I believe that he was, on the whole, consciously honest. What is unique in his case is the value of his facts, as contrasted with, nay, as demonstrating, the inconsequence of his reasonings. Other historians, when they go

wrong, can be refuted only by reference to other authorities; Clarendon can be answered out of his own lips. Hallam comments thus on Clarendon's untrustworthiness: —

When he sat down in Jersey to begin his history, irritated, disappointed, afflicted at all that had passed in the last five years, he could not bring his mind back to the state in which it had been at the meeting of the Long Parliament.

This is Clarendon's apology; but it deprives of all apology the men who accept Clarendon as an historical authority. Had he risen out of the atmosphere of fiery partisanship in which his blood boiled for years — had his magnanimity and imaginative sympathy enabled him to do justice to his opponents — he would have been a Shakespeare among historians. Hallam fails, however, to explain what strikes me as the peculiar and unparalleled circumstance that Clarendon's memory and conscience escaped, or comparatively escaped, the influences which perverted his judgment. His partisanship clouded his reasoning faculty, and rendered him unable to do justice to his adversaries; but it did not destroy his recollection of facts, or prevail with him to suppress them. He propounds a theory, or delivers an opinion, with placid assurance that he is right; and then calmly jots down facts demonstrating that he is wrong.

Take, for example, that celebrated passage, perhaps the most signal illustration, in historical literature, of mock-heroic eloquence and elegiac bathos, in which he describes the England of Laud's and Strafford's ascendancy as basking in the sunshine of peace and joy, and suggests that some mysterious infatuation, like what might fall on a nation doomed of heaven, could alone account for the rising up of the English people against their saintly monarch. They had, he says, only one grievance! — it was a case of losing paradise for an apple. And then he arithmetically proves that the grievances were *three*: for he tells us that money was wrung out of the people by court favorites to an amount out of all proportion to that granted by Parliament, or paid into the treasury; he admits that the king's policy

\* "Mahon tried to defend Clarendon, but was put down by Hallam and Macaulay." — "Lord Carlisle's Journal," quoted in Macaulay's Biography.



was a "total declinature of Parliament;" and the one grievance which, at the moment when he penned his threnody, he had in view, was the subjection of the law to regal power. Even if we confine our view to his one grievance, must we not pronounce it feeble and foolish to lay stress upon its being numerically one? To speak of the infatuation of a people, agriculturally and commercially prosperous, in sacrificing tranquillity rather than permit the law to be trampled down by the king, is like expostulating with a man whose habit of body is full, and whose complexion is ruddy, because he concerns himself about unquestionable disease of the heart. Clarendon knew and praised Jonson, but I have seen no proof that he ever read Shakespeare, or studied the character of Mercutio. Had he done so, it might have struck him that, as a wound need not be so wide as a church door, or so deep as a well, to let out a man's life, so a nation may have the vital spark of its freedom extinguished though its population is not wasted by famine, nor its cities given up to fire and sword. And is it not a strangely ignoble conception of what ought to rouse a nation to resistance against tyranny, which implies that revolution is folly except in the presence of gross material injuries? How far worthier is the satisfaction which May, the historian of the Long Parliament, expresses in the power of even his lowlier countrymen to discern and appreciate the bitterness of the calamity that had come upon England, in the violation of her laws and the suppression of her Parliaments! If there is one thing in the history of their country of which Englishmen may be proud, it is that England in those years refused to live by bread alone. The evidence derivable from Clarendon's own narrative, that the golden age of his exordium was a picture of the brain, becomes overpowering when we find that he acted with Hampden and his party in the first session of the Long Parliament. He gives with pomp of approbation a list of those measures by which the policy of Strafford and Laud was condemned, its instruments broken, its ministers punished.

Can we prove also, from Clarendon, that

the men who carried the Grand Remonstrance did well and wisely? Some will probably, even at this date, answer in the negative. Dark as is the roll of grievances enumerated in the Remonstrance, they had, for the most part, been redressed. Could Charles be trusted? Was the attempted arrest of the five members a mere passing caprice? Were law and liberty safe under the guardianship of an admonished and repentant monarch? Clarendon maintains the affirmative; but it is literally true that the green turf of his theory is here again honeycombed by his own averments of fact. One sufficient proof is as good as a thousand; and I submit that the heartfelt detestation with which Charles regarded what had been done in the first session of the Long Parliament, and his definite intention to effect a counter-revolution, are absolutely demonstrated by Clarendon's own account of his private interview with the king and queen *before* the accusation of the members. My conviction that Clarendon did not consciously fabricate or suppress is based largely upon his description of that interview. A mere special pleader, determined to bring out but one side of the case, would have buried the incident in the deepest cavern of his memory; and I am not aware that, if Clarendon had not reported it, we should have known anything about it, for Henrietta Maria, singularly enough, completely passes it over in her narrative to Madame de Motteville. But Clarendon does not suppress the fact though it grinds his own reasonings to powder. Clarendon the chronicler annihilates the pleas of Clarendon the advocate; Clarendon the personal attendant of the vacillating yet self-willed, the weak yet tyrannical, the tortuous, ever-plotting, slippery Charles, enables us to put together a portrait of the royal Stuart as different as possible from that which Clarendon the historian paints for us, and labels royal martyr. He calls the noble and deep-thoughted men who were engaged in working out the constitutional liberties of England miscreants and rebels for not staking their own lives and the freedom of their country on the faith of a king who, from first to last, deceived Clarendon him-

self, and who is seen deceiving Clarendon on Clarendon's own page. Charles's plots within plots startled Hyde at the time of the attempted arrest; counter-worked Hyde and the peace-party in the royal camp, in their endeavors to prevent the outbreak of the war and to bring it to an end after it had lasted for a few months; and involved Charles in connections with the Popish party in Ireland from which Hyde would have shrunk. Pym and Hampden held that, when the queen was on the Continent pawning the crown-jewels for arms, and the king was moving to the north to draw the sword, it would be high treason to England to take no measures to resist the attack; and so long as Clarendon's history remains in print, and men have eyes to see when an advocate's facts destroy his own case, the reasonableness of this opinion of theirs, and the calamitous folly of him who deserted them and joined the king, will be manifest. While it stands written with the pen of Clarendon that, at the date of the Great Remonstrance, Charles was under the influence of the queen, was desirous of removing St. John from his office, was bent upon substituting Lunsford for Balfour in the governorship of the Tower, it will be unnecessary for any one whose object it is to vindicate the memory of Pym and Hampden to pass beyond the boards of Clarendon's history. If Hyde and Falkland had stood by Hampden and Pym, Charles would indeed have ceased to be formidable to the liberties of the State; and the same united party which could have dared to deal generously with the king could have saved the Church, not indeed from reform, but from overthrow.

Clarendon's authority, totally worthless as it is, has without question been accepted, as Herr von Ranke says, by a great multitude of persons. It is a question of some interest how this has occurred. Something must be attributed to his style—to that "eloquence of the heart and imagination" which Hallam acknowledges, to that stateliness and felicity of phrase over which Professor Masson walks as if "stepping on velvet;" but perhaps not very much. Hume, who owed Clarendon a good word—for his account of the Puritan Revolution is simply that of Clarendon told by a skilful and unscrupulous literary artist—says plainly that his style is "prolix and redundant, and suffocates by the length of its periods." So it is, and so it does. More is accounted for by his anecdotic talent, his skill at an after-dinner story, his occasional chuckle of dry fun,

his grave irony, his strenuous hatreds, his love of scandal. The queen's favors were, he says, always "more towards those who were like to do services than to those who had done them." He tells us how Hollis, irritated by Ireton in debate, challenged him to cross the river and fight; how Ireton said his conscience would not permit him to fight in a personal quarrel; and how Hollis thereupon "in choler pulled him by the nose, telling him, if his conscience would keep him from giving men satisfaction, it should keep him from provoking them." He dwells with much comfort on the severe ugliness of Monk's wife, adding that the general wished well to the Presbyterian preachers "for his wife's sake, or rather for his own peace with his wife, who was deeply engaged to that people for their seasonable determination of some nice cases of conscience, whereby he had been induced to repair a trespass he had committed, by marrying her; which was an obligation never to be forgotten." Superstitious as was his reverence for bishops, he remarks of clergymen generally, that they "understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind that can write and read." Hard measure, surely, to be dealt out to clerical gentlemen by the historian whom they have adored. It is to the influence of ecclesiastics, more than to any other cause, that he owes his authority. It has been for the interest and honor of generations of clergymen and university dons to accept and propagate his view. They placed him on the historical bench, and told their countrymen to bow to his decision. But he has been degraded as a judge; he has been refuted as an advocate; and only in the witness-box, under searching cross-examination, can anything of value be elicited from him. His history is comprehensively fallacious, incurably wrong. Its fundamental position is that the men who, while he acted with them, were sober-minded, honorable, and discerning, became, from the time he left them, a pack of God-forsaken miscreants. An incredibility like that cannot be qualified into correctness or annotated into common sense. The time has gone by, and can never return, when Herr von Ranke could say with truth that the ideas of the English nation on the Puritan Revolution are those of Clarendon.

In the spring of 1648, when the Presbyterians were making their desperate effort to save Charles, Hyde was summoned by the Prince of Wales, to whom a large portion of the fleet had deserted, to join him

in the Downs. He sailed from Jersey. The ship was boarded by a Spanish privateer or pirate, he was roughly handled, robbed of money and clothes, and forced to remain in Ostend until Prince Charles returned to the Hague. There they met, in the month of August. In the following January the king was executed. Hyde found no congenial occupation in the threadbare court that squabbled, caballed, and plotted round young Charles. The queen's people disliked him; the party of Argyll and the Covenanters found no favor in his eyes. He had an interview with Montrose at a village near the Hague, an interview on which imagination lingers. It is easy to see from Clarendon's narrative that the great marquis tried hard to arrive at an understanding with the leader of the High-Church Cavaliers. But Montrose, though detesting the Solemn League and Covenant, had never swerved from his allegiance to the National Covenant of Scotland, and could give Clarendon no hope of Episcopal uniformity throughout the island. Clarendon does Montrose personally the justice to say that those who most loudly accused him of violence and cruelty confessed they could fix upon no one fact, apart from the slaughter of his battle-fields, on which to base the charge. But the cold Anglican, proud even in defeat, refused to make common cause with the forlorn hope of Scottish royalism; and Montrose, feeling himself deserted, turned mournfully away. Charles threw himself into the arms of Argyll; and Hyde, while his master went to be crowned at Scone and defeated at Worcester, betook himself, in capacity of the young king's representative, to the court of Spain.

At Madrid he had not so bad a time of it. He studied the language and read Spanish books. The ceremoniousness of Spanish manners was congenial to him, and he seems to have derived an enjoyment from the bull-fights unqualified by any compunctious visitings on the score of their inhumanity. A bull-fight was a bull-fight then. Sixteen excellent horses would be killed on a single occasion, and, as a fairer field seems to have been allowed the bull than is accorded by the elaborate cowardice of modern Spain, four or five men would be killed as well as the bulls and horses. His English feeling was gratified by the circumstance that one English mastiff, kept in reserve for the contingency of two of the best Spanish dogs being despatched by the bull, never failed to hold

the animal that it might receive the death-stroke.

When Charles II. was once more a fugitive, and the Spaniards became afraid to entertain his envoy, Hyde joined him. Charles now made up his mind to cultivate relations with the High-Church royalists, and accepted their chief as his monitor. Rigorous in the enforcement of his Laudian formula, Hyde insisted, when the worship of the Church of England was suspended at Paris, and the king proposed to attend divine service in the Huguenot chapel at Charenton, that he should rather abstain from public worship altogether. The queen remonstrated against such fanatical exclusiveness, aptly referring to the example of Queen Elizabeth, who countenanced the Huguenots and sent her ambassadors to their chapels. But the warm Protestant sympathies of Anglicans in the days of Elizabeth had frozen into sectarianism under the influence of Laud; and Laud's friend and disciple was inflexible. When we reflect that, within a year or two of this date, Charles had been crowned in a Presbyterian church, had sworn to maintain the Presbyterian covenant, and had seen thousands of Presbyterians go for his sake to death or to slavery, we shall admit that Hyde gave proof, on this occasion, of a rare power of ecclesiastical antipathy. The alternative for Charles was to stay at home in the society of an acquaintance he had recently made, Miss Lucy Walters, who is understood to have been not unsuccessful in consoling him for the loss of a preached gospel.

In the court of the ex-king, Hyde held the titular rank of chancellor of the exchequer. His duties, in the years intervening between the battle of Worcester (1651) and the death of Cromwell (1658), were those of a house-steward in a family in painfully straightened circumstances. There is a stern pathos, not the less real that it is too dismally prosaic to engage the tragic muse, in the shifts to which he and his royal patron-clients were reduced, in order to find bread to eat, clothes to put on, and sticks to make a fire. "I am so cold," writes this chancellor of the exchequer once, "that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a faggot." It has been whispered that, when things were at the worst, Hyde held out signals of surrender and opened a correspondence with Thurloe; but there is no serious evidence that he ever broke the silence of hatred and scorn with which he regarded

the triumphant Puritans. In the men whose valor, energy, and genius were regarded by the rulers of France and Spain with admiring awe, he saw a mere gang of robbers. His grand hope was that Cromwell and his coadjutors "would be each others' executioners," a hope akin to that which the royal martyr entertained respecting the Presbyterians and Independents. The hope was in both instances the bitter expression of implacable spite ranking in the hearts of men unworthy the steel of heroes. Cromwell's higher officers would each and all, thought Hyde, consider themselves as deserving as Oliver, and would fiercely compete with him for ascendancy. Surprising to say, the presage was vain. Year after year went by, and Cromwell's officers did not mutiny and cut his throat. Inexplicable as the phenomenon seemed to the worshipper of Stuart kings and Laudian bishops, the Protector's fellow-soldier's did not snarl at his heels like ill-conditioned curs, or affirm, like modern charlatans, that one man was in this instance as good as another; but recognized him as their natural chief, and were loyally thankful to God and to him when they saw him occupying the place of kingliest difficulty, danger, and honor. *Detur digniori*, muttered those rough fellows, as they saw Noll wielding his constable's baton, which in his hand looked really something like a sceptre.

When Cromwell died, he left his power so thoroughly established that the change seemed at the moment rather to darken than to brighten the prospects of Charles; but so soon as the weakness of Richard became apparent, affairs began to wear a better aspect. Constitutionally cautious and schooled by adversity, Hyde conducted Charles's business with great skill, and not more than a high diplomatic average of duplicity. He possessed the confidence of the Episcopalian royalists, and advised them at every step. When Richard summoned a Parliament, abandoning, in the issue of the writs, those precautions which his father had taken to confine electoral power to Puritans, Hyde told his friends in England to make their way into the House of Commons in as large numbers as possible. They were, no doubt, required to take an oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth and of abjuration of the Stuarts; but this did not preclude their adopting the policy marked out for them by Hyde—namely, to cast discredit on the measures of the late Protector, to oppose money-grants and all that tended to settlement, to widen the breach between

the republicans and the adherents of Oliver's family, and, with a view to obviating the ascendancy of Lambert or Fleetwood, to asperse Richard's advisers and praise himself. Of armed insurrection in the royal favor Hyde was judiciously shy, and when Booth and his Presbyterians raised the standard of Charles, he did not encourage the High-Church Cavaliers to support them.

It required all the discretion and caution which either Charles or his chancellor could muster, to watch, without spoiling, the dark and hazardous game of Monk. We are, however, forcibly reminded of that incompetence, almost amounting to imbecility, in affairs of action, which characterized Clarendon and the Stuarts, when we find that the hint had to come from Monk, in obedience to which Charles left Spain, where his risk of being seized and detained as a prisoner of war had become extremely great. Clarendon exercised much self-control in forcing that hatred of Presbyterians which was one of the strongest passions of his nature to bide its time. The Presbyterians had never swerved in their devotion to the monarchy, and the return to Westminster of the members excluded by the army was the immediate prelude to the Restoration. True, however, as the Long Parliament was to monarchy, it was equally true to Presbyterianism, and one of its last votes was, that the established religion of England should be Presbyterian.

The Convention Parliament succeeded the Long Parliament, preceded the Restoration Parliament, and was in character something between the two. The royalist and Anglican reaction had been gathering force ever since the death of Oliver, and the tide continued to rise while the Convention was being elected; but opinion never changes rapidly in England; society had for twenty years been pervaded with Puritanism; and the framework of the ecclesiastical establishment was as nearly Presbyterian as Cromwell's determination, first, that it should be perfectly under the control of his government, and secondly, that Independents should share its advantages, would permit. Accordingly, the Presbyterian influence in the Convention, though not so powerful as in the Long Parliament, continued formidable, and Hyde's most delicate management was required in order to lull it into harmlessness. Charles's promises from Breda had been large but indefinite, and the Presbyterians of the Convention, sucking the honey of Hyde's music vows, did not see the necessity of

placing those promises under Parliamentary sanction. The members of the Convention took the Covenant, and as his Majesty had done the same on a still more solemn occasion, it was natural for them, by an illusion of imaginative sympathy, to transfer to Charles some part of their own zeal for Presbyterianism. The Presbyterians of that age, both in England and in Scotland, drew a distinction between an Episcopacy of order and human institution, and an Episcopacy of lordship and divine right. The latter they named Prelacy, and classed with Popery among things to be renounced and condemned; the former was not declared unlawful by the Scotch Presbyterians of 1637, was not abjured in the Solemn League and Covenant, and was studiously left without condemnation by Henderson at the Uxbridge Conference. The great body of the Presbyterians of England in 1660 had no insuperable objection to a modified Episcopacy and a revised liturgy. Charles had promised these at Breda, and a bill was introduced in the Convention to give his promise the force of law. The simplicity of the Presbyterians in not absolutely insisting that it should pass was almost criminal. Simpletons receive from nature much the same treatment as knaves; and when we find them letting the bill be lost, we feel that their punishment was that "whipping" which Iago prescribes for "such honest knaves." Meanwhile the reaction grew in strength. The loyalty of the Convention which had prepared the way for Charles was lukewarm in comparison with that of the populace when it had been driven into frantic enthusiasm by the sight of his face. To get rid of the Presbyterian Convention was evidently desirable, and Hyde was the man to organ out the members with sweet words and bland smiles. "The king is a suitor to you," he said, as he dissolved the Convention in his master's name, "that you will join with him in restoring the whole nation to its primitive temper and integrity, to its old good manners, its old good humor, and its old good nature—good nature, a virtue so peculiar to you that it can be translated into no other language, and hardly practised by any other people." If the Presbyterians had known what the speaker had in store for them, they would have required all their good nature to sit quiet.

And now the reaction reached its height. The flood which had been held back for twenty years swept over all boundaries. The Puritans either caught the prevailing madness, or fell back disconsolate; the

High-Church Cavaliers, who had never taken heart for the Stuarts since Naseby, seeing the Puritan army disbanded, rushed to the front, hustled aside the Presbyterians, whose royalism had been as vehement as their own, and elected a Parliament of furious Anglicans. Less than sixty Presbyterians obtained seats. A large proportion of the members were young ruffling Cavaliers, who, under the reign of the saints, had pined for horse-races and cock-fights, and who now signalized their loyalty by vociferous swearing. The Covenant was burnt by the hand of the hangman. The members of the House of Commons were ordered to take the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Charles was startled. Even Clarendon, though he surely chuckled inwardly, gave signs of alarm at the pace. Mr. Christie states in his "Life of Shaftesbury" that, when the Commons threatened to refuse supplies unless Charles confirmed the proposed exclusion of the Presbyterians from their livings, the king answered that "if he had not wherewith to subsist two days, he would trust God Almighty's providence rather than break his word." Mr. Christie seems to believe that the Black Bartholomew, with its consignment to penury of about two thousand clergymen, many of whom had made their pulpits ring with appeals to the nation to restore the king, was too strong even for Clarendon. If Charles, however, resisted honestly, he did not resist long; and Clarendon makes no secret that, for his part, he was "very much to the prejudice of the Presbyterians." Very much indeed. The Commons were more cruel in their reactionary fanaticism than the Lords. The Upper House, with the approval of Clarendon, attempted to secure for the ejected clergy one-fifth part of their incomes, as the Commonwealth had allowed in the corresponding case, but the Lower House would not leave them a farthing. The lords spiritual alone equalled the Commons in cruelty, and, for all their trumpeting of the duty of passive obedience, reminded Charles of the limitations of his prerogative when he tried to show mercy to the Presbyterians. Years went by, and the new order of things became consolidated, but time brought no mitigation to the mean, cowardly, revengeful hatred with which the Cavaliers of the Lower House pursued their fallen conquerors. One of the earliest acts of the Parliament excluded Puritans from corporations; the Conventicle Act made their public worship a crime; the



Five-Mile Act banished them from corporate cities and parliamentary boroughs. Cromwell, yielding to the necessities of his position, had laid a heavy hand on the wealth of the malignants, and dealt summarily with insurgents taken with arms in their hands; but the persecution to which the Puritans were now subjected was incomparably more mean and irritating than that endured by the Cavaliers. The Puritans placed their yoke on the necks of their enemies with the magnanimity of conquerors; the Cavalier Parliament persecuted with the bitter spite of the slave whom circumstances, not strength or merit, have made master. "There is no passion," says Scott, "so unutterably selfish as fear."

But it is no more than justice to Charles and to Clarendon to admit that the red-hot bigotry of the Parliament of the Restoration absolves them from some considerable part of the blame due to these persecuting measures. Parliament had become irresistibly supreme in the State, and the Puritans had made it so. The Cavalier House of Commons, while putting aside with furious haste all that the Long Parliament had done to remodel the Church, appropriated with the calmest assumption its vindication of the privilege and power of Parliament. If Charles was hypocritical in his professions of a desire to obtain reasonable terms for the Presbyterians, he was certainly sincere in his wish to obtain for himself a dispensing power, to be used on behalf of the Catholics; but he failed to obtain it. He was soldier enough to wish intensely that some of Cromwell's regiments, the finest troops in Europe, should remain embodied; but the Commons would not hear of a standing army. Charles could with perfect truth have told the appealing Presbyterians, as Mr. John Sands told his drowning wife when she implored him to save her, that he could not, for they had tied his hands.

The Long Parliament was more Presbyterian than the country; the Restoration Parliament was more High Church than the country. Such is the nature of representative bodies in free States. There is always a risk of their being elected in some paroxysmal mood of feeling, and of their remaining to do work for which the nation represented is not, in its permanent thoughts and feelings, prepared. The Long Parliament was elected while England was incensed against Laud, and fiercely determined that the Scots should get as much Presbyterianism as

they wanted, if only they could be thus coaxed out of England and kept among their own brown heaths and shaggy woods. The representatives best fitted to secure this end were Presbyterians and Puritans, and accordingly a much larger proportion of these had seats in the Long Parliament than corresponded to the Presbyterian and Puritan element in English society. The Restoration Parliament was elected to shout at the coronation of Charles. Its High-Church feeling was as much above the average of English High-Church feeling as the Puritanism of the Long Parliament was above the English average of Puritanism. Hence there was a good deal in the proceedings of the Long Parliament, and a good deal in the proceedings of the Restoration Parliament, which has not been ratified by the deliberate judgment of England.

There are two ways in which the very serious drawback to the usefulness of representative bodies thus revealed might be obviated. The one is that a Parliament elected for a particular purpose should, as a matter of constitutional usage, be dissolved when that purpose has been accomplished; the other is that Parliament should never be dissolved at all, and that there should be no general elections, but that a certain proportion of seats, in addition to those vacated by death or voluntary retirement, should become vacant every year, and should every year be filled up. A standing senate, fed with new blood in this way and constantly hoarding experience, might produce a remarkably efficient government, and, while beneficently maintaining a due state of political excitement among constituencies by constantly recurring elections, might, with equal beneficence, avert the periodical fever-fit of a general election. Since, however, this method does not make it sure that sufficient impulse would be imparted to the legislature on particular occasions, when it might be desirable to effect organic changes, or to throw the whole force of the nation's excited will into a great administrative policy, the other method is probably, on the whole, the better of the two. The operation of the rule, however, that Parliament should always be dissolved after accomplishing organic reforms, could rest upon no other foundation than the will of the Parliament itself to conform to the constitutional tradition of the country; and this tradition it would be most likely to disregard exactly in those instances in which the temporary agitation under which it had been



elected was strongest. In short, it is impossible to contrive political institutions which will be infallible; and one chief use of history is to point out those defects in political machinery which may be rectified, or partly rectified, by the wisdom, self-denial, and energy of those who put that machinery in motion, and can be rectified in no other way. The civil wars might have been prevented if there had been a general election at the end of the first session of the Long Parliament; but we cannot add that, if Charles had then dissolved the Parliament, the liberties of England would have been safe.

It is now necessary for us to pause, in order to gather up a few threads in the personal and domestic history of Clarendon which we were forced to let lie while tracing the main events in that wind-up of the Puritan Revolution, in which he played so important a part.

In 1655, when the fortunes of the chancellor were at their lowest ebb, the Princess of Orange, sister of Charles, invited his daughter Anne to become one of her ladies-in-waiting. After a great deal of finesse on the part of her father, who seems to have been simply incapable of doing anything without as much finesse as could be got into the business, the offer was accepted. Anne visited Paris in the train of the princess, and had the good or bad fortune to be fallen in love with by James, Duke of York. She was plain, memorably plain, if this is the epithet for plainness so striking that people remember it, and hand down the report of it to posterity; but she was clever, vivacious, with expressive eyes and good manners. She did not repel her royal lover, but by no means lost her self-control, and obtained from James, before accepting him as her husband, not only a promise, but a written contract of marriage. Lord Campbell says that this constituted a valid marriage, and treats it as self-evident that, in these most judicious proceedings, the girl acted under the advice of her father. The affair, however, was kept secret, and not until after the Restoration, when the confinement of the duchess was approaching, and the marriage ceremony had been performed in Clarendon's house in accordance with the rites of the Church of England, did James inform Charles that Anne was his wife. Charles took the matter with his usual nonchalant good-nature, and summoned Clarendon to Whitehall, with a view to congratulate him on his daughter's marriage.

When Clarendon reached the palace, he

found Ormond and Southampton waiting in a room to receive him. He professed to have no knowledge of the cause why his Majesty had commanded his attendance, and Ormond and Southampton told him that Charles wanted to congratulate him on his daughter's being *enchantée* by the Duke of York. Hereupon Clarendon "broke out into a very immoderate passion against the wickedness of his daughter, and said with all imaginable earnestness 'that as soon as he came home, he would turn her out of his house as a strumpet, to shift for herself, and would never see her again.'" They rejoined that they "thought that the duke was married to his daughter." He replied that "he had much rather his daughter should be the duke's whore than his wife," and expressed the hope that, if she were married, the king "would immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a dungeon, under so strict a guard that no person living should be admitted to come to her; and then that an act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off her head," which punishment he would "very willingly" be the first man to propose. At this point the king entered the room, and appears to have expressed surprise at the demeanor and exclamations of Clarendon. Southampton and Ormond made the remark, which would have occurred to most people under the circumstances, that the chancellor seemed to have gone mad. Clarendon continued his passionate outcry, urging Charles to send his daughter to the Tower. James shortly came in, and tried to pacify this Roman father. At last Clarendon went home. Did he rush to Anne's room, drag her about by the hair, and finish by flinging her into the street? Not at all. He "sent his wife to command his daughter to keep her chamber and not to admit visits"! Anne received her husband by night and by day, as she had done before.

Macaulay calls the passage, of which I have transcribed the essentials *verbatim* from Clarendon, the most extraordinary in autobiography. It is almost equally inconceivable either that he should be sincere in conducting himself in such a way, or that he should hope that people would believe him to have been sincere. If he meant what he said, then a man ostentatiously religious, who interlarded his account of debates and expeditions with edifying observations on Providence, and wrote commentaries on the Psalms, preferred that his daughter should commit a sin marked with peculiar emphasis of con-

demnation in the Christian code of morals, undergoing at the same time the greatest wrong and degradation possible for a woman, rather than that she should infringe the conventional ordinance which placed royal blood apart from common humanity. Never in this world was the base maxim, *sunt superis sua jura*, so basely obeyed. I don't know whether there is record of any pagan so vile as not to have experienced some thrill of resentment when one of the scampish immortals of Olympus defiled his daughter, but certainly no pagan ever grovelled so low as to say that he wished his girl had been made a whore rather than that the divinity which hedged about her Olympian lover should be compromised by his treating her as an honest woman. The hypothesis that Clarendon was play-acting seems at the first glance obviously the right one; for the envy to which he had exposed himself was formidable in the extreme. The violence of his gestures, tearing a passion to rags so villainously that he seemed insane, confirms this view, and it is supported by the farcical mildness of the discipline by which he intimidated his paternal indignation to the daughter whose deserts he had just been alleging to be prison and death. But is it not almost inconceivable that, knowing men as he must have known them, Clarendon should have believed that Charles and the court would be imposed upon by his acting? And does not the difficulty of this hypothesis reach an astounding climax when we find Clarendon in his autobiography, written some ten years subsequently, putting upon paper, without compunction, retraction, or apology, in the seeming expectation that his readers will believe him to have been sincere, every drivelling detail in this unparalleled service of king-worship?

With all its difficulties, the second is the sole credible hypothesis. Clarendon was not a sheer fool; therefore he must have been play-acting; and there is no reason to believe that Charles had any doubt on the point. But when we fully realize the fact that Clarendon could attempt to play off, first on his friends and contemporaries, and secondly on posterity, so flagrant an hypocrisy, we are most painfully confronted with the question whether there must not have been in his nature a dark reserve of duplicity and falsehood. It is melancholy to think that a man who had been on terms of familiar friendship with Hampden should write that his daughter's imaginary crime "exceeded the limits of all justice divine and human," or should tell

the coarse plebeian James that there was One as much above his Royal Highness as his Royal Highness was above Clarendon.

We have not yet done with the illustration afforded by Anne Hyde's marriage of those new modes of feeling, new conceptions of what is honorable and what dishonorable in human conduct, which came in with the Restoration. The announcement of the marriage drove the ladies of the royal family almost as frantic as Clarendon had pretended to be. The Princess of Orange stormed about the humiliation of yielding precedence to a girl who had stood behind her chair. Sir Charles Berkeley, Lord Jermyn, and other members of the circle in which Henrietta Maria and the king principally moved, bethought them how the duke could be saved from what they chose to regard as degradation. With the connivance, if not at the suggestion, of the Princess of Orange, Sir Charles Berkeley swore that he had seduced Anne; and Arran, Jermyn, and other courtly "gentlemen," corroborated his evidence. James, who with all his faults was capable of strong affection, loved his wife; but the evidence against her seemed overwhelming, and he became sad and moody. Meanwhile small-pox, the harpy bane of the period, swooped down upon the royal house, carried off the universally beloved Duke of Gloucester, and put the Princess of Orange in imminent peril of her life. While the intrigue was at its height, the Duchess of York was brought to bed. Morley, bishop elect of Worcester, kneeling in her chamber, adjured her in God's name to speak the truth as to the accusation made against her. She calmly answered that she had been faithful to her husband, and that she believed him to be, at heart, convinced of the fact. The Princess of Orange, moved by the terror of death, which seemed impending, betrayed the plot, and expressed sorrow for having countenanced it. Sir Charles Berkeley confessed that his oath had been false. The others withdrew their calumnious charges. The fair fame of Anne was vindicated from all imputation, and James, delighted with the infant son who had been born to him, dismissed all suspicion from his mind.

And how, asks the reader, did the husband and the father of the injured lady proceed? Did James drive forever from his presence the pack of infamous liars whom Berkeley had led? Did Clarendon feel the sting of noble anger? Decidedly not. James received Berkeley again into

favor. Clarendon, when Berkeley came apologizing, "was obliged to receive him civilly." Even Anne forgave him, and, if the author of the "*Mémoires de Grammont*" can be believed, made the remark, with allusion to Berkeley's desire to perform a service for James, that nothing proves more signally the devotion of a friend than to tell a bit of a lie for friendship's sake. These personal and domestic items — glimpses of the court idyl of the period — are not without historical significance. They help us to gain a definite idea of the state and tone of society which succeeded that of the milder Puritan time.

Whatever he may have dreaded from the publication of his close relationship to the royal family, Clarendon seemed at the time to suffer no detriment on account of it. The Restoration saw him exalted to a height of fortune and of rank towards which Mr. Hyde, the barrister of Lincoln's Inn, can hardly have dared to lift his eye. Charles had presented him with £20,000. An offer of ten thousand acres in land and a garter he refused to accept. He was created Baron Hyde of Hindon and Earl of Clarendon, and while continuing chancellor of the exchequer was appointed lord chancellor of England. To no man did the king pay more deference. Having never compounded with the Puritan government, he had sold none of his land, and was able, therefore, to enter upon full possession of his estates. Neither his reason nor his conscience had ever been divested of the influence of that old persuasion — entertained by the great body of the political classes in the days of his youth — that a place in the government might legitimately be the source to its occupant of very much larger emoluments than were ostensibly attached to it; and he fiercely repelled the idea that Parliament, in addition to voting supplies in the lump, had a right to demand an account of the expenditure in detail. He was able therefore to indulge those patrician tastes which had long languished unfed, and commenced building a magnificent mansion in London. He was not the man to veil his splendor in a too gracious modesty, or to let any of his contemporaries forget who was the foremost subject in England.

But that was a time of strong passions, and many strong passions were arrayed against the magnificent chancellor. A host of enemies, a host torn by the bitterest internal animosities, made common cause against him. The Presbyterians owed him an ancient and deadly grudge.

Those Cavaliers who had compounded with the Puritans, and sold part of their estates at prices often far below their value, had found him inexorable in his determination to leave such bargains alone. To have interfered with them would, in fact, have dislocated the general framework of property in England, and Clarendon's policy has been approved by authors; but not the less did the straightened royalists impute to him as an unpardonable offence the ingratitude with which they believed themselves to have been treated by the king. It might be thought that the most High-Church Parliament which ever sat in England could not have withdrawn its favor from the friend and follower of Laud; but the Restoration Parliament scornfully repelled and resented Clarendon's attempts to confine it to what he thought its proper functions. By the nation he was cordially detested. No sooner was the business of administration fairly in the hands of the new government, than that drama of turpitude and disaster, which had been suspended during the administration of Cromwell, but which England had played under the first and second Stuart, began to be re-enacted. The reverses of the Dutch war, the sale of Dunkirk, the embezzlement of the pay of the navy, the acceptance of bribes from France, irritated a nation whose haughty intolerance of misgovernment had been one of the main causes of the troubles. The bitterness of self-contempt gives place to the sweetness of conscious virtue when we inflict upon another the punishment due to our own stupidity and baseness; and the English nation promptly avenged upon Clarendon its own preference of ignominy and defeat under Charles II. to honor and predominance under Oliver. Clarendon was implicated in the general maladministration only in the sense that he possessed no practical genius, and was incapable either of devising or conducting a great policy; but he was held guilty of all. He incurred the dangerous enmity of the king's mistresses because, though he meanly tried to prevail on Queen Catherine to receive Lady Castlemayne as one of her "maids" of honor, he drew the line somewhere, and would not let his wife visit the ladies of the royal seraglio. But he might possibly have weathered the storm, if he had not given mortal offence to Charles. The Portuguese princess whom the king had espoused was childless; he had fallen in love with pretty Fanny Stewart, and, finding that she was not otherwise accessi-

ble, had thought of marrying her in the event of his being able to procure a divorce from Catherine. Before he had matured his scheme, Miss Stewart married the Duke of Richmond, and Charles believed that Clarendon, bent on securing the throne for his grandchildren, had brought about the match. Charles was clever and cool-headed, and had enjoyed unusual opportunities of knowing men and of knowing Clarendon; it is unlikely that he would be wrong on this point. Wrong or right, he believed that Clarendon was playing a dark and profoundly selfish game, and the court became aware that the frown of the sovereign had fallen inexorably upon the minister. A thousand painful experiences then informed him of the change that had taken place. The Whitehall beauties tittered at him; Buckingham and Killigrew mimicked his strut and gestures. There was something in the atmosphere of the court of the Restoration intensely alien, even in its frank and honest badness, to consequential and sanctimonious virtue. It was hard to convince Clarendon that he was in danger. He loved England, and clung to her as a vigorous boy of six might cling to a nurse or mother who, having received him back with caresses after he had been long from home, suddenly changes her mood into fury, and attempts to cast him from a precipice into the sea. If the king had stood by him, he would probably have run all hazards of meeting the fate of Strafford rather than leave the country. But Charles had made up his mind that he should go, and it at last became plain to him that he must choose between exile and death.

He embarked at Erith on the 29th of November, 1667, and sailed for France. He was tossed about for three days and three nights before setting foot on shore: The continuation of his journey by land was still more calamitous. Between Dieppe and Rouen, his coach was stopped by armed men, and M. le Fond, an officer of the French court, informed him that he must leave France, but offered to conduct him to the frontiers. With much difficulty he obtained permission to live at Avignon, and proceeded in the direction of that town under M. le Fond's escort. At Evreux he halted to take some rest, and to seek alleviation of the gouty malady by which he was tormented. A number of English sailors were employed at the place in connection with the French artillery service, and when they heard that the great English minister was in

the town, they came clamoring for their arrears, and threatening to take his life. The door of the room in which he lay in bed was secured, but the infuriated men entered by the window, inflicting several dangerous wounds upon M. le Fond, who stood in the breach and displayed signal courage until overpowered by numbers. The frantic ruffians now rushed upon the fallen statesman. One inflicted a sword-blow on his head, which deprived him of his senses. His trunks were broken open, his clothes rifled; and he was in the act of being dragged out to be murdered in the courtyard when the magistrates of Evreux, with the city guard and the French officer in command of the artillery, effected a rescue. The incident affords curious illustration of the universality and intensity of the hatred with which Clarendon was regarded by his countrymen.

He never ceased to wish and to hope that he might return to England, and humbled himself so far as to beg piteously for permission to do so. In 1671 he wrote to Charles from Moulins, imploring that he, "an old man who had served the crown above thirty years, in some trust and with some acceptance," might die in his own land amid his children. In 1674, from Rouen, he uttered a last wail of entreaty, using the argument that "seven years was a time prescribed by God himself for the expiation of some of his greatest judgments." Charles took no notice of either of the letters — he might surely, even if unable or unwilling to recall the outcast minister to England, have let fall a drop or two of comfort into the cup of one who had served him so well. It was a grave addition to Clarendon's distress that his daughter Anne professed herself a Papist, finding probably that life with her obdurate and uxorious bigot would otherwise prove intolerable. He wrote to her in a tone of earnest expostulation; and in his letter there is a warmth of Protestant feeling which, during the long and internecine war in which he had been engaged with Protestants of a different type from his own, might be thought to have cooled down or to have died away.

And yet Clarendon was not beaten. Amid exile, obloquy, bodily pain, old age, — with the edifice of his ambition lying shattered round him, — denied a hole in his dear England wherein to die, — he held the fortress of his soul invincible, and showed that a man true to himself can smile at fate. In a fine form, without conceit or arrogance, he exhibited in those

years that humor which is the habitual mood of reason, the very bloom and aroma of practical philosophy—a humor which has little or no connection with fun, or wit, or audible laughter; but consists in an unsubduable capacity to make the best of things; a clearness and azure serenity of the soul's atmosphere which *cannot* be clouded over; a steadfast realization, against optimists and pessimists alike, that life on earth is neither celestial nor diabolic, but, under all conditions possible for a wise man, is worth having. Ready to welcome any enlargement, any dawn of royal favor, he did not pine for the want of it, nor did he court the delusive but subtly seductive opiate of egotistic brooding over his virtues and his wrongs. He addressed himself to wholesome labor, wrote his autobiography, studied the languages and literatures of Italy and France, carried on his commentary on the Psalms, and, looking up his controversial harpoon, attempted to fix it in the nose of leviathan Hobbes. He felt and wrote of his dear Falkland with a poetic tenderness which almost makes one love him. In his loyalty to the laws of a universe which had not been for him a garden of roses, and his filial reverence for a Divine Father who had, he believed, afflicted him, he presents a notable illustration of the tendency of sincere religion to promote mental health. He "was wont to say"—the words are his own—"that of the infinite blessings which God had vouchsafed to confer upon him," he "esteemed himself so happy in none as in his three acquiescences" or "vacations and retreats" from political business; the first in Jersey, the second in Spain, the third in France. This last, which to common observation seems the most desolate of all, he describes as "his third and most blessed recess in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of his mercies towards him." Though he "entered into it," he tells us, "with many very disconsolate circumstances, yet in a short time, upon the recovery of a better state of health, and being remitted into a posture of ease and quietness, and secure from the power of his enemies, he recovered likewise a marvellous tranquillity and serenity of mind, by making a strict review and recollection into all the actions, all the faults and follies, committed by himself and others in his last continued fatigue of seventeen or eighteen years; in which he had received very many signal instances of God's favor, and in which he had so behaved himself, that he had the good opinion and friendship of those of

the best fame, reputation, and interest, and was generally believed to have deserved very well of the king and kingdom." He died in France in 1674, but was laid in Westminster Abbey.

"In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried," it was perhaps well that he should rest; though the work of his life was not reconciliation but profound and malignant division, and the clash of controversy has rung around his grave. To him, more than to any one man, it was due that the policy shadowed forth in the Grand Remonstrance, a policy of magnificent breadth and far-stretching consequence, never came to an experiment. Statesmen of consummate ability, and of loftier moral character than any who have helmed affairs in Great Britain, were prepared to constitute a patriot ministry, which might have finally wedded the liberty and law of England to the forms of her ancient monarchy; placed the Church of England once and forever, without destruction of her Episcopal framework, at the head of the Protestant Churches; and passed an Act of Union binding England and Scotland together in links of enthusiastic amity. It seems impossible that Clarendon, if he had possessed but a little more strength of intellect, a little more magnanimity of heart, should have frustrated, instead of promoting, all this. Not much was required of him. It was only to refuse with sharp decision to be ruled by the suicidal wilfulness and foolish irritation of Charles—to post himself and his party in the Parliamentary arena, where they might have stood impregnable—to tell the silly king that, if he and his wife were resolved to fight, they must storm the batteries alone. Clarendon missed the right path narrowly, but he did fatally miss it. Lacking intrepid clearness of insight—waving as a wave of the sea—he moaned and drifted into ruinous blunders. Bewitched by Laud with superstitious fancies about the divine right of bishops and kings, tempted by the forbidden fruit of the premiership, he deserted the good and great men with whom he had long acted, stole to midnight interviews with Charles and the queen, and devoted all the energies of a genius powerful at least in persuasion to the task of painting up a cause which his own facts prove to have been bad, and his own words declare to have been hopeless. In all except the re-establishment, at the Restoration, of Laudian Episcopacy, his statesmanship was a failure. He may be described as an



abstract of the weaker parts of two strong men, Stafford and Laud. He had some of the nobleness of both. He escaped the eternal infamy of a prosperous and applauded career like the time-server Whitelock's. Let amplest justice be done him; but let it not involve injustice to Pym, to Hampden, to Cromwell, to Vane, to any of those patriots whom he opposed in the matter of the Grand Remonstrance. They were wiser, better, greater men than he, and they deserve at our hands that we should vindicate them from the calumnies with which he attempted to blast their names.

PETER BAYNE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

# THE REV. ADAM CAMERON'S VISIT TO LONDON.

## CHAPTER I.

### WHAT SENT THE MINISTER TO LONDON.

THE REV. ADAM CAMERON, the minister of Kinkell, was simply the minister; that is, he had no degree as a doctor of divinity, though such degrees existed in his Reformed Presbyterian Kirk. But it is very doubtful whether any titular distinction, up to that of Archbishop of Canterbury, could have added to the esteem and honor in which the minister, in spite of a prophet's having no honor in his own country, was held in his parish by the members of a strict denomination. This was a protesting offshoot from the main Kirk of Scotland, which even in its most lukewarm days had always gone into a white heat at the bare idea of bishops, deans, and vicars, or anything save plain presbyters among its clergy.

The Rev. Adam Cameron's lines had fallen in pleasant clerical places, though his stipend had been small and his work hard for the long forty and odd years during which he had, as he himself would have said, "been privileged to labor in the ministry."

Kinkell was as remote, out-of-the-world a parish as could be found in the Lowlands and not the Highlands of Scotland, but the remoteness was not without its advantages. The primitive inhabitants consisted almost entirely of tenant farmers and their "hynds," "bondagers," or "cottars," with a laird or two who belonged to a man to the bigger branches of the Kirk, or who had been so far left to themselves as to secede from the Kirk of their fathers, not for the purpose of join-

ing any of its purer branches, but to lapse Erastianly and unpatriotically into prelacy and attendance at the small exclusive English chapel, situated in one corner of the parish. Those of the natives of Kinkell—the salt of the earth, as they were fain to consider themselves—who constituted Mr. Cameron's charge, and met for worship in the barest, most barn-like of the kirks which might benefit, but could hardly be said to adorn the district, were not only kept considerably out of harm's way by their distance from the busy world, with its revolutions and antics, they were supposed to preserve their loyalty to their minister intact. To them, notwithstanding their true-blue Presbyterianism and rabid hatred of what they considered priestcraft, he was still hedged round with a reflection of divinity. They were not an unintelligent section of the community: the old Scotch love of learning lingers in the oddest and homeliest quarters, while the polemical cast of mind that continues to distinguish the veritable descendants of the Covenanters begets a certain amount of shrewdness and sagacity, as well as of self-conceit and stubbornness.

But the knowledge of Mr. Cameron's Kinkell was limited largely to two fields—those of agriculture and religion. Into the first Mr. Cameron, not being an Established Kirk minister, and therefore not owning a "glebe," did not intrude; but over the second, with all due respect for, nay, with a proud jealousy of any infringement of the right of private judgment, he was allowed a solemn pre-eminence. If his people had not unanimously regarded him as qualified to minister to them in spiritual things, they would not have kept him among them, paying his stipend by voluntary contributions, which the most poverty-stricken and the closest-fisted did not grudge to pay.

Of every other field Mr. Cameron remained the undisputed master. He was still what the best ministers in England and Scotland were to a great extent to their country parishioners two or three hundred years ago—the wisest, wittiest, alike the most scholarly and capable man among them. Withal, his gifts—even his secular gifts—were very much at his people's disposal. Silver and gold he had none beyond what was absolutely wanted for the needs of his frugal household; but such as he had he gave freely. He and his wife knew personally, visited intimately, counselled, comforted, and rejoiced with, doctored, lawyered, and mothered every



living soul belonging to their denomination in that region.

Neither did familiarity breed contempt in this case. Whether the exception proceeded from some amount of natural dignity along with a few foibles in Mr. Cameron, or from genuine rare simplicity both in the man and the community, or from that curious side of Scotch character in which its hard sharpness is balanced by romantic loyalty, the result remained the same. Beyond a little affectionate playfulness — lumbering and uncouth in such quarters, and which might possibly have been misunderstood by a short-sighted bystander who had never been behind the scenes for scorn and ridicule, as when some brisk young yeoman or stalwart ploughman named Mr. Cameron by his nicknames of "Auld Aidam" or "Wee Cammy" — for the minister was small of stature — not a word undervaluing his gifts and graces or impugning his prerogatives was ever heard in the humble Reformed Kirk circles of Kinkell.

Mr. Cameron's brethren, the portly and the lean ministers of the other Presbyterian kirks, with the slim representative of Episcopacy in Kinkell, did not fare in this respect a tenth part so well. Is not the statement borne out that Mr. Cameron's lines — the lines of an honest, self-respecting, devoted old man — had been cast in pleasant places, and that not chiefly with regard to his little country manse, with its fine garden and the free sweep of purple moor, green plantation, and meadow land which surrounded it, but in the far wider and to him infinitely more momentous sense, of his flock, to whom he sought to break the bread of life?

The very cause of Mr. Cameron's visit to London was his parishioners' regard for his gratification and zeal for his honor. The fashion of ministers' holidays and tours had spread even to out-of-the-way Kinkell. Dr. Dalrymple, the minister *par excellence*, the legal pastor of the parish, a middle-aged man, distinguished by great anti-Catholic activity as well as by classical studies and proclivities, had, with the consent of his parishioners, received leave of absence from his presbytery and a nomination from a committee of his assembly to preach the gospel for three months in Rome, under the pope's very nose, and had only lately returned, laden with trophies from his double campaign. Mr. Farquhar, the other Presbyterian minister, a young man, was afflicted with a clergyman's sore throat, and happened to be an accomplished naturalist. He had been

sent by his sympathetic congregation, at their own cost, to escape the spring winds, which blew bitterly at Kinkell for six weeks at a time, to the shores of the Mediterranean, and had come back wonderfully recruited, the happy possessor of a perfect little museum of natural curiosities. As for Mr. Maple, who was known and looked upon half-suspiciously, half-satirically, and a little admiringly — the last by the young sprigs of grace among the descendants of John Knox and Jenny Geddes — as "the English minister," he was in the unhappily uncommon circumstances for a curate, of possessing a private fortune, so that his alleged fasting on Friday was entirely an act of free-will. He found no difficulty in vacating his carved eagle of a reading-desk, his tiny shell of a pulpit, and his florally decorated altar, to a like-minded spirit in the college which Mr. Maple had only recently quitted, and in setting out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as some said, to seek the last hidden vestige of the true cross, wherewith to supply the finishing consecration to his oratory. If Mr. Maple was to a large extent independent of his flock, it could also be said that there would not be many of them left to miss him, since he judiciously suited the period of his pilgrimage to the beginning of the London season, when even Kinkell was affected by the yearly migration of its upper ten thousand, who departed to roll in the Park, ride in the Row, be presented at court, and fan themselves in a desperate resource for a breath of fresh air on the crowded staircases of Mayfair.

The *esprit de corps* of Mr. Cameron's congregation, no less than their regard for their minister, became rampant. Why should he be left behind in the race after recreation and novelty? True, he was not specially anti-Catholic and classic in his tendencies; he did not suffer from any weakness in the larynx, neither was he remarkable for his love of weeds and worms; he had no modern High Churchman's or ancient Crusader's excessive reverence for the East. But in his people's eyes he had only served them the more faithfully because of these deficiencies; and was he not to be rewarded, in his turn, for putting his congregation and their requirements before every other attraction and proving himself engrossed by them during these forty and odd years?

That there should be any suspicion of neglect in Mr. Cameron's stationary position, suddenly cast a severe reflection on each member of his church — not to say of his session — and from that moment it

grew the personal concern of every man, woman, and child to bring about a holiday and a trip for the minister in some degree proportionate to his merits.

The whole parish became aflame on the subject. It was discussed privately and publicly, yet with a degree of mystery and secrecy in the nearest approach to publicity, since there was a magnanimous obligation on the part of the conspirators to conceal the scheme from the minister till it was ripe for execution. But this mystery and secrecy only added a delightful charm which tickled the imagination of the dooucest of the plotters.

There were meetings and discussions in farmhouses and cottages, in the "smiddy," that open rural club. The matter was canvassed on the very Sabbath day, at the risk of an accusation of sacrilege, in a room in one of the cluster of cottages near the kirk, hired by a few of the farmers, and where they and their wives and families met in the short interval between the forenoon and afternoon services, with their elaborate doctrinal lecture and equally elaborate but more practical sermon, and refreshed themselves with bread and cheese and ale for the mental and bodily exertions which still lay before them.

Nobody would consent to be left out. Jenny with her penny fee risen to three times that of her grandmother — but not rendering Jenny the richer, save in comfort, on that account, since her social requirements, like those of her neighbors, have risen in proportion — took a proud pleasure in contributing after her mistress. The "halfin'" Sandy, who had but last year been promoted from "herdin'" and "crawin'" to the manly dignity of quitting his father's house to face the hardships and temptations of a "bothy," followed suit with the responsible foreman, Saunders, who not only worked his pair of horses, but was bound to keep his eye on the other men and hands of the farm. Sandy threw his sixpence with the air of a prince, albeit a sheepish lout of a prince, on the back of Saunders's shilling, and felt himself still ascending in the social scale.

It did not matter that Sandy's own travels — until the tide of agricultural unions, with their demonstrations and emigration, overflowed to distant Kinkell — were not likely to extend beyond the nearest midsummer and Martinmas markets, and in the course of years and growing responsibility, with the burden of many "head" of cattle, to metropolitan Hallow Fair and pastoral St. Boswell's. Still, he was

able to lend a hand to send his minister, who had catechised him as well as Jenny, and was preparing him for "the ordinance," on a bold flight — whether to those Low Countries and that France and Spain of which Sandy had heard principally in the old songs that had descended to him and his fathers as a rich inheritance; or to Ireland, of which he had a natural doubt, seeing that he associated the green island principally with the lawlessness and the miseries of Irish shearers; or to that great city of London, the modern might and renown of which had penetrated even to a rude, slumbrous Kinkell bothy, and of which Sandy had vaguely glorious conceptions.

Widow Suttie and her "old sister" Katie Macbryde, who were only kept from being recipients of the charity of the Established Kirk session by being placed among the more aged and infirm receivers of the contents of "the plate" that stood at Mr. Cameron's kirk-doors and modestly awaited the alms of the congregation, insisted on emulating the widow of Jerusalem who threw in a mite, all her living, to the service of the temple. They pushed forward tottlerly, with their pennies, to "the minister's testimonial."

Of course the offering in this case was purely ridiculous, a taking from Peter to give to Paul; but since there was some truth in the emphatic representation that as nobody was more obliged to Mr. Cameron than these two were, it would be a shame to leave them out; and as the deed fell in with the enthusiasm of which it was a proof, Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde had their way. None crowed more loudly than the ancient women crowded and mumbled over their coarse weak tea, bread with its scraping of butter, and occasional morsel of red herring, and over what were to be the grand doings of their "Maister Cameron as gin he werena fit to gang on his travels, as weel as any warl'y auld Moderate, or slichty Free Kirker, or stickit Paupist."

The business would, save for one powerful reason, have certainly taken shape in a popular kirk meeting, at which, amidst much speechifying, and as near an approach to a thunder of applause as could be permitted even in the most unsegregated of kirks, Mr. Cameron ought to have been overwhelmed with the manner in addition to the matter of the gift.

The kirk of which Mr. Cameron was a minister was very partial to such meetings; indeed, they were very nearly the members' sole authorized gaiety — the

strictness of their tenets forbidding almost every form of general gathering for which business or religion could not be pled as an excuse. The objection in this case to a soirée — it could not yet be an anniversary — at which Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde might have successfully urged their title as subscribers to the present, and to munch their cake and fruit with their richer brethren and sisters, was the very tangible objection, that the utmost economizing of the slender funds would be necessary to enable them to accomplish their desired end.

The subscribers, therefore, not without a little struggle, which impressed them still more with the magnitude of their kindness and with the high deserts of the minister which had called it forth, waived the opportunity for courting publicity in the eyes of rival kirks, or having a "ploy" of their own out of the minister's "ploy," and entrusted the business to be managed privately by the kirk session.

That influential body, made up individually of two farmers, a farm grieve, a retired tradesman, and a wright, but in their collective capacity equal to any question which could come before them, behaved with the wariness and decorum which might have been expected from them. They sounded, in strictest confidence, Mrs. Cameron — not that they intended her to share in the minister's excursion, seeing that the finances would by no means cover a double outlay — but because she was not only entitled to a conjugal voice in the matter, she was also known to possess what some considered an overweening influence over the minister. Was it not written in the Scriptures that each bishop and deacon — terms Mr. Cameron's parishioners understood in some occult sense, totally distinct from the ordinary English definition of the words — was not only enjoined to have but one wife, but was bidden to rule her as summed up in his household?

Mrs. Cameron, whether she were ruled or no by the fiery yet gentle old minister, was very gracious and propitious to the deputation from the session waiting upon her with an intent so flattering to her husband. She spread out her skirts, smoothed her brow, even more furrowed than that of the minister, bent from her height — she was a tall large woman, while he was a little spare man — and lent the deputation valuable aid in their researches. Certainly the minister — he was conscientiously the minister to her, even if she bent him a little to her will, as to the sim-

plest of his charge — would be the better for a change, and he could take it with the easier mind that, as his friends and elders knew, young Mr. Inglis had just got his license, was at home waiting for "a call," and would be only too happy to take the pulpit and display his gifts in the minister's absence. As for the prayer and missionary meetings, she herself would see, with the session's help, that there was no falling off permitted in them. Mr. Cameron had never been in London, and there was the Exhibition, which the whole world was running to see. When the minister was a younger man he had taken a lively interest in cities, and in whatever keenly concerned his fellow-creatures. Perhaps this late opportunity, so considerably and gratifyingly given him, of visiting London and its Exhibition, would recall his original interest, and restore to him the spirit which in the course of years had been somewhat heavily tried.

It was evident that Mrs. Cameron was right, as Mr. Cameron could have told his friends he often found her, even when she was most rugged and least suave. London was one of the greatest sights in the world to one who had never visited it before. As for the Exhibition, the minister had quoted it in the very last Sabbath's lecture, as affording an illustration of what might have been the collected riches in merchandise of Tyre, Sidon, and Babylon, had such a collection been dreamt of and ticketed in the far-off ages. Would he not like to verify his illustration, and to see for himself those marvels of manufacture which had drawn some of his richer rural hearers from their grain and cattle markets? They began to feel it as a shame that money should have so far triumphed in their persons as to have carried them first to the queen and mart of nations, while their minister, whose instruction they craved, and to whose erudition they bowed, had been left so long uncomplainingly and ungrudgingly in the background.

Mrs. Cameron had distantly hinted at a subject of regret which had been patent to all the kirk members old enough to be sensible of the loss. Though many years had passed in the interval, the minister had never entirely recovered from the effects of his only daughter's death, and still less from those of his only son's ruin.

What had his people been thinking of that they had not before devised means, at whatever cost, which might restore the old fire to match with what had never

failed in the minister's faithful discharge of his duty, and constitute him even at this late date — so fulfilling the promise of his youth — the ablest, most deservedly famous and coveted minister within the bounds of their Kirk, one who should reflect glory on his people and parish, and the Kirk itself? Some of the older members remembered when Mr. Cameron had been fit to hold up his head and fight with the best the battles of secession against any minister or member of an opposing Kirk; but he had been content for many a day to plod at his work and to reserve his eloquence for exhortations to individual repentance and righteousness. The idea suggested to the deputation from the session added a spur to their zeal in the trust assigned to them.

When the news at last reached the minister in the privacy of his study and bedroom in one, he was far too much touched to be able to disclaim the compliment. He accepted it with a strong sense of the responsibility attached to it. "I am going as the representative of every hard-working, thrifty carle and lucky among them; ay, and of the open-hearted, open-handed callants and lasses that are like my bairns," he reflected, with a sigh. "They are waring their hard-won gear on me, and though I can never pay back, and would not wish to do it if I could, the thoughtfulness and kindness of the notion, I must do my best to make them amends in part, so that all the generosity may not lie on their side. I must brush myself up, try to see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and bring them back such instructive and entertaining accounts as they will like to receive, and as will serve to divert them in a course of lectures delivered gratis in the schoolroom — the master and Dr. Dalrymple will not refuse to be neighborly and lend it — during the long winter nights."

"My friends, you are too good to me," the minister sought to say in a parting address, "and I can do nothing save take your goodness as it is offered with a full heart, and promise my poor endeavor to do you what credit I can away among strangers, and to bring you back such grand tales of London and the Exhibition as shall make you all feel that you have been there yourselves instead of practising the noble self-denial of sending your old minister in your stead."

The address was highly approved of, and Mr. Cameron's own heart was so penetrated with tenderness and gratitude, and with the unselfish desire to give pleas-

ure to others, that long-silent pulses began to stir again. The eager anticipation of any new agreeable experience which had once formed part of the man's disposition showed signs of revival. The minister took to studying, with hopeful zest, maps and guides as his share of the extensive preparations for his grand tour; Mrs. Cameron would suffer no hands less capable than her own to pack his portmanteau and put up a little box of provisions, since she had heard oatmeal was not to be had in London, and the minister liked and was not in his usual health without his porridge, while Mrs. Cairns had sent a store of new-laid eggs along with Miss Crichton's "comforter," which the minister was to wear in his night journey, notwithstanding the season was the middle of summer.

Mr. Cameron had never thought to be so excited, nay, elated, with regard to any personal matter again. He doubted that it was indicative of weakness in an old man well upwards of sixty. Yet on the other hand he was not sure whether it might not be the working of a wholesome, healing instinct, implanted in us by God himself, impelling us to take what he gives to-day, and rejoice in it with humble thanks, and not look back uncomforted on the losses of yesterday.

It did seem as if the ulterior intentions of the promoters of the minister's jaunt were to be in some measure fulfilled.

## CHAPTER II.

### FOES IN KINKELL; FRIENDS IN LONDON.

THE minister had got over his long, fatiguing journey, and arrived safely at his destination, which, so far as the shelter of a roof went, was lodgings in Tottenham Court Road, which had been recommended to him with all due precaution by the cousin's cousin of one of the farmers in Mr. Cameron's congregation.

Mr. Cameron never thought of disputing the destination assigned to him. He knew that he should hurt the feelings of his ruling elder if he did so; but far from it the minister was meekly satisfied that Tottenham Court Road had all those advantages of respectability and economy desirable for him. He did not murmur at the din, which was what he had come to see and hear, or because his landlady was unequal to making his porridge — that, no doubt, had been an unreasonable expectation — and made havoc among his fresh eggs before she got his cold beef to cut and carve upon. He was ready to smile at such small deprivations and annoyances.

He had recovered from the first stunning, dazing effect of his transport from the quiet country roads and few familiar faces of Kinkell to the roar of traffic and the strange crowds of London. He was prepared to be impressed as he ought to be with the great city of the empire. He was setting out wonderfully fresh and keen, only a little perplexed with the *embarras de richesses*, to accomplish all the sight-seeing which lay before him. He had brought several letters of introduction, but he thought that he was at liberty to consult his own pleasure as to the time of delivering them. He was sure that it would be more for his pleasure and enjoyment to have it in his power to go his own way, and make his own observations, before he summoned his friends' friends to his aid. "His pleasure and enjoyment" — but he was quite free to employ the terms, since he did not go in for a service of self-mortification, yet it was long since the considerations belonging to the words had entered into his thoughts and made part of his calculations, and their very sound struck him oddly.

The minister did not feel the solitude of a stranger in London press upon him heavily. With the exception of his wife, there had not been one of his people with whom he could hold equal converse, save on religious questions. He was accustomed to live a good deal alone with his thoughts, and when that is the case it does not signify very much whether the "alone" be in a man's own little study or in the thronged streets of a city wholly new to him. Mr. Cameron did pause now and then, to realize with a little start that it was the minister of the little Reformed kirk of Kinkell and no other who was passing along in the exhaustless stream of human beings, amidst the incessant patter of feet, through the endless labyrinth of streets, over which the smoke from thousands of chimneys hung in a sully haze between him and the clear blue sky; and that even while he was walking there, away in distant Scotland and Kinkell leisurely farmers whom he knew were striding deliberately through their red-flowered clover, and between the rows of their potatoes, while their work-people were pulling plant by plant the wild mustard from the wheat-fields, and pausing to look up with interest and mark the hour of the day by Jock the post wending his way on foot from farmhouse to farmhouse, the single moving figure along the field-path. At the manse Mrs. Cameron and her single handmaid were busy with

the morning's household work, the sweeping, the dusting, the dinner-cooking, or the extra cleaning inaugurated by the minister's absence, and counted it something out of the common if they were made aware of any other sound — either as an accompaniment or an interruption to their occupation — than the shrill crow of a cock from the nearest farmyard, the distant bleating of sheep undergoing the processes of clipping and washing, the song of the thrush from the cherry-tree in the garden, or the muffled bark of the old dog Nip hunting in his dreams.

The minister was not without a dim consciousness, which did not seriously trouble him, that he was an incongruous figure in these London streets — so incongruous that some of the passers-by, even in the hurry and rush which bore them on to be lost in ever-recurring eddies, looked at him with inquisitive, half-smiling speculation. It had not occurred to Mr. Cameron, or, what was more to the purpose, perhaps, to his wife, that he should be furnished with any other travelling-suit than his second-best suit of black, a little rusty in color, and white at the seams, but still, as those excellent judges considered, perfectly presentable alike at kirk and market.

Mr. Cameron wore black, loving the color of his cloth, at the market as well as at the kirk. To adopt a coat of grey tweed or of "heather mixture," however comfortable and convenient the adoption, would have struck both him and his parishioners in the light of a proceeding as indecorous and undesirable as his finding leisure to throw a line into the Beltane Linn, or to fire a shot on the Kinkell Braes. Mr. Cameron's best black clothes — the procuring and maintaining of which in the integrity of their glossy black proved so heavy a claim upon his small income — were not to be thought of for wearing promiscuously in London. That coat and those breeches were consecrated to his sacred edifice like priests' garments. The minister wore them only when he preached on the Sabbath days (his denomination went so far in its strife with carnal distinctions as to eschew the Geneva gown), and when he prayed over the joined hands of a couple entering the holy state of matrimony, or with the mourners by the coffin which was about to be carried out to its resting-place in the kirkyard. Mr. Cameron's black clothes — best and second-best — were both of them a little antique and uncouth in cut, as he felt bound to employ a Kinkell tailor who was a member of his congregation. The minister uniformly



wore a white necktie, which, like his out-of-date extensive display of shirt-front, was spotlessly white, Mrs. Cameron being a good housewife, and washing being cheap in the country. This necktie, conspicuous among its present surroundings, was apt, however, to hang a little limp and dishevelled from the scraggy, drooping neck which it was meant to enfold. Mr. Cameron was not one of those good men who have a genius for order in their very garments; on the contrary, he had what Mrs. Cameron considered, and sometimes inveighed against, as quite an unfortunate faculty for getting his necktie, his wristbands, his very coat-tails, as well as his grey hair, in admired disorder, in the heat of his arguments and the earnestness of his exhortations. His grey hair—somewhat thin and straggling, in keeping with his tanned bony cheeks and lantern jaws—was surmounted by a hat, the worse of the wear, like his coat, and worn on the back of his head. To complete his costume the minister was careful to carry an obese, baggy, alpaca umbrella, his inseparable, trusty companion in his long parish walks in the northern region, where show-ers might be more depended on than sunshine.

His very gait was peculiar. He was loosely knit, while his quick, irregular movements indicated a highly-strung nervous temperament. His walk was a swinging trot—slightly sidling, and having the body inclined forward till it gave the idea of the minister's toppling unwittingly on his nose in the middle of his meditations.

It was just possible that the minister, but for his pronounced sunburn, might have been mistaken for an eccentric, seedy old club-waiter. But the person who had made the mistake would certainly have corrected it if he had stayed to remark the cultivated intelligence and lively interest with which the supposed waiter took his bearings and gazed on the landmarks around him.

Happily Mr. Cameron was too well broken to work, including pedestrian work, to feel easily fatigued. He stood the rise of the thermometer fairly. Like the din, it was what he had bargained for; he would have felt disappointed on the whole if he had experienced none of that summer heat of London, of which north-country-men are wont to complain, and for which he had come prepared. True, the glare from shops and houses, and the stony hardness of the pavement, were trying even to a man who had borne the dazzling light reflected from the Kinkell Loch when

he had skirted its margin on a brilliant sunshiny day, and who had waded through a bog-moss. He was fain to reflect a little ruefully on the vanity of the old Adam lurking in Mrs. Cameron, and working by proxy, which had caused her to induce him to invest his feet at starting in a pair of bran-new boots. He was tempted to envy for once the superior advantages of the old ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, as by law established, in those days when one of the mutifarious offices of its beadle was to wear the new shoon of the ministers till they were softened into yielding accommodation to the bumps and callosities of the sacerdotal feet.

But the strain to his eyes, and the ache to his feet, were but flea-bites and crumpled rose-leaves in the improvement of his holiday to the brave, patient old minister.

Mr. Cameron was approaching St. Paul's, the Strand, and Fleet Street. He was saying to himself, as a distinguished American had said in similar circumstances, were these the places so long known and endeared to him by their associations? Was he in truth regarding with his mortal eyes what he had entertained infinitely less hope of viewing in the body than he cherished the faith of one day beholding in the spirit—the streets of the New Jerusalem? There rose the vast dome of Sir Christopher Wren, beneath which lay Nelson and Wellington. Travelled folk declared that it dwindled to a molehill before the incomparably vaster dome of St. Peter's in Rome. Verily, it was not in the plain of Shinar alone that men sought to rear temples whose tops should reach to heaven. Here had stood the old mansions of the nobility, with the gardens reaching to the river, and the barges which had borne in turn a Wolsey and a Cromwell; yonder, Dr. Johnson had walked, with his hands behind his back, working his shaggy brows, as he talked to himself and counted the paving-stones. Close at hand was Temple Bar, where the last Scotch head, cut off for poor Prince Charlie, had blackened in the English sun.

Mr. Cameron would have stood still to ponder and realize the situation if there had only been room or leisure for standing and musing in the whirl of the concourse around him. He attempted to cross the street, in order to get into the comparative seclusion of St. Paul's churchyard, and narrowly escaped being knocked over and crushed before what he was inclined to call the wheels of Juggernaut in the shape of a brewer's van. He was recovering his dizzy footing on the pave-



ment, and re-brandishing his umbrella for further progress, when a circumstance befell him which, in the excited, pre-occupied state of his mind, struck him as hardly less marvellous than though Sir Christopher, the cardinal, and the lexicographer had stepped, the one down from the cathedral, the other up from the river, and the third out of Fleet Street, and presented themselves in material fashion before his astounded eyes.

A familiar face—a Kinkell face—caught Mr. Cameron's eye in the crowd of strangers. Somebody whom Mr. Cameron knew, somebody from his parish, sprang lightly across the street in the teeth of two huge omnibuses, bristling within and without with human beings, and drawn by four driven-desperate horses; and having come out of the jaws of death scathless, held out a frank and friendly hand to the minister.

"Geordie Da'rymple!" cried the minister, taken aback, in the suddenness of the shock forgetting his manners and using the free-and-easy title accorded by the ruder tongues of Kinkell to the individual in question.

"Ay, just Geordie Da'rymple, at your service, Mr. Cameron," replied the young man addressed with cordial gaiety.

In the mean time Mr. Cameron had recovered from his amazement, and with his recovery experienced a twinge of shame for the solecism into which he had been betrayed. The six-feet-in-height, red-bearded, handsome young man before him was the youngest son of the Established Kirk minister of Kinkell, between whom and Mr. Cameron there existed an armed neutrality, softened a little in recent years by those misfortunes which had befallen the latter, and by the quiet dignity of suffering with which they had been borne, that had not only lent the Dissenting minister a pitiful immunity in the local battles of the various kirks, but had rendered it less difficult for more prosperous men to bear the contradiction of him and his congregation. In the main, Dr. Dalrymple and Mr. Cameron had mutual sympathies, as being both worthy men according to their respective lights. Neither are the lines between the Established and Dissenting Churches in Scotland by any means so broad and deep as those which sever church and chapel in England. Still, Dr. Dalrymple and Mr. Cameron were no more to each other than honorable foes, who had each a certain respect and liking for his adversary; and Mr. Cameron, while he challenged the political

foundation on which Dr. Dalrymple's kirk was built, was too sensible a man to refuse to acknowledge the superior worldly position of his enemy. For that matter, every seceder in Kinkell held, openly or secretly, a simple and exaggerated estimate of the rank which he had resigned.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. George," said Mr. Cameron, swaying himself to and fro on his stout umbrella and coloring through the brick-red of his country sunburn, "but it is a treat to see you in London."

"And it is a treat to see you here, Mr. Cameron," echoed the young man. "What have you come up about, may I ask? There is not another meeting of divines at Westminster, with my father left out? You are not one of the revisers of the Bible assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber? Where are you to be found when you are not abroad? Will you allow me to call for you?"

It was wonderful the influence that London had on an old and a young Kinkell man stumbling against each other in its streets, though any influence which existed could not have had the force of novelty to George Dalrymple. He had spent the last half-dozen years for the most part in London, reading for the bar, eating his terms, practising with what briefs his seniors and the public would entrust him, and eking out his income by the profits of such literary work as he could come across. Yet, as it struck Mr. Cameron not unpleasantly, Mr. George was congratulating himself on the accident of their encounter, and was prosecuting his inquiries so as to ensure the two meeting again with an energy almost unaccountable in a young man who had never been within the doors either of Mr. Cameron's kirk or manse in Kinkell. He had been perfectly content that the acquaintance between the Established Kirk minister's son, and the Dissenting minister in his proper person should limit its expression to a bow, or at most a "Good morning," when George Dalrymple was down at Kinkell for his vacations, and when, in driving his mother and sisters in his father's phaeton, or in riding his own hired horse, or in walking about the country, he happened to come upon the minister trudging to visit some sick Dissenter.

It was London that had caused this change—London, and the fact that this fine strapping young fellow, of whom Mr. Cameron had heard down in Kinkell that Mr. George was very clever and doing well in his profession—the flower of Dr. Dalrymple's sons (the minister stifled a

sigh when he considered the young man altogether)—kept a leal Scotch heart within his breast.

It was with an answering glow of friendly warmth that Mr. Cameron gave his card, with the address of his lodgings written on it, to his countryman.

That very evening George Dalrymple availed himself of the permission to invade the minister's well-won repose. So excellently did the young man acquit himself in the conversation which followed, so much information did he show without any perceptible effort, so readily did he adapt himself to his companion's tone, that Mr. Cameron was willing to allow the intercourse was thoroughly worth the rousing of his tired body and mind which it had cost. In reality, contact with even a fairly intellectual young man was so rare an occurrence with Mr. Cameron, that he was inclined to over-value it accordingly; and George Dalrymple was more than fairly intellectual—he was long-headed, hungry of knowledge, and adventurous in spirit, after the old Scotch fashion; and he had a fervid imagination and sympathetic soul, which are by no means the possession of all Scotchmen.

At last what had been to the minister a very agreeable and interesting hour came to a close. George Dalrymple looked at his watch and rose to go.

"I am very much obliged to you for your visit, Mr. George," said the minister, with old-fashioned politeness; "I am afraid I cannot hope to encroach upon your time again."

"I shall be only too happy to come again, if you will let me. Do you know, Mr. Cameron, that I consider it was one of the luckiest hits in my life, coming across you as I did to-day?" protested George energetically; and then, as if a little doubtful of the sound of his own protestation, he muttered something about Kinkell people seldom coming up to London.

"If you show the same favor to all that you have shown to me," said the minister, graciously, "you will soon have a host of our country-folk besieging you. I have been detaining you from company," he added, glancing at George's evening dress. "What fine party are you going to at this time of the night?" "The freedom of their talk authorized the question, and some of the neighboring church bells chiming at that moment, sounded late hours to the minister.

George Dalrymple hesitated in the middle of his brisk flow of speech, and col-

ored with an ingenuousness quite remarkable in a young man and a barrister, then he said abruptly, "I am not going to any party; I am going to one of the theatres to see an excellent and gifted young lady act in a good play."

"I am sorry to hear it, Mr. George," said the minister slowly and gravely, drawing back, and with all the easy indulgence of his last sentence going out of his voice and manner. He durst not refrain altogether from plain speaking. At the same time he reflected, in the first place, that this sheep was not of his fold, and that to his own father young Dalrymple must answer for his indulgence in worldly dissipation; in the second place, Mr. Cameron was aware that the standards of Dr. Dalrymple's kirk were not so rigid as those of his own in the question of recreation—such as promiscuous dancing, or card-playing. Still the minister could not but think that the doctor would condemn, even in his favorite son, a license so daring and dangerous as a habit of going to the playhouse, for Mr. George had not alluded to his visit to the theatre as if it were an exceptional one, or an experiment to be tried and relinquished after the first trial.

"Now, what do you know of the theatre, Mr. Cameron?" George Dalrymple had the coolness to defend his purpose—not that he defended it coolly, for he was actually waxing indignant and bitter. "Were you ever there? How can you be guilty of the unfairness of condemning on hearsay what you never tested for yourself? It is you and my father, and more like you, who have been the ruin of the theatre, who have driven sober-minded people out of it, and done what you could to convert what might have been an instrumentality for good, next to that of your pulpits, into a machinery for evil."

"The theatre had time to show what was in it long before your father's day and mine, sir," said Mr. Cameron with some sternness, but still temperately, when he saw the young man's rising heat, which the minister construed into the burning smart of an accusing conscience. "If your father and I have been able to testify aught against it, at our respective posts, we have done a good work," the minister could not resist adding, with calm satisfaction.

"No," George Dalrymple objected, with bold decision. "I may tell you my mind, which I am accustomed to speak and write, as you are accustomed to utter yours, and since I am forced to include my own father in the condemnation. You

have lent yourselves to Puritanical, Pharisaical prejudices without even pausing to investigate their origin, and the amount of injustice and inexpediency which is bound up in their exercise; and you have only succeeded in driving into lower channels, and so far contaminating, an expression of human feeling which, as it is pre-eminently human, can never be checked. The experience of every country in Europe during the time of the Reformation movement, which you are so fain to exalt, might have shown you what the theatre is worth. The impartial opinion of such modern Christians as Bunsen might modify yours."

"I shall not argue with you, Mr. George," said Mr. Cameron, with an old man's exasperating quietness and fixedness of opinions which have not only existed more than half a century, but have been inherited unimpaired from honest ancestors; "I have simply this to say, that when young men, in place of being silent before their elders, sit in judgment on them, I am reminded of Absalom, and Rehoboam and his foolish councillors. As for the Puritans, when you find better men than they to rule the councils of the nation, then you have my leave to condemn the brethren of Baxter, sir, and Bunyan, and John Milton."

The minister's quietness had not prevented him from standing up and beginning to preach on the floor of the London lodging-house parlor. As he preached he involuntarily assumed the peculiar tone and action to which the people of Kinkell were so accustomed, that they had come to look upon it as the proper pointing of each substance of the discourse. He had a certain groaning intonation, half nasal, half grating, which marked the difference between his speaking and his preaching, he leant forward and rose with each sentence and clause of a sentence, as by a spring, on the tips of his toes, descending again with a like jerk, ludicrously at variance with his grey hairs and the general gravity of his aspect.

George Dalrymple was forced to smile behind his beard, but the smile vanished entirely when Mr. Cameron, subsiding from preaching to talking as rapidly as he had risen in the scale, and overcome by a sudden tumult of recollection which had come across him, as he gazed wistfully at the young man, laid a shaking hand on George Dalrymple's arm, and implored the minister's erring son.

"Oh! think better of it, Mr. George. It does not need my threescore and more years to tell what will be the end of such

reckless courses. I have seen it too surely with my own eyes in a case I can never forget. Do not let another poor mother's heart be broken, another father's grey hairs go down with sorrow to the grave, another servant of the sanctuary be shamed before his people and the world, and made cry shame on himself as a second Eli, who had wrought fresh destruction on Israel because he could not repress the froward spirit of his child, while the child was yet subject to the weak and culpable father."

"You are altogether wrong, Mr. Cameron, you may be sure of it, when I freely forgive your harsh suspicions made under a total misconception," protested George Dalrymple, solemnly; "if you would only see and judge for yourself—would that be asking too much in any other disputed question? Come to the theatre with me this night, I beg of you. I pledge myself that you will not regret it."

"Geordie Dalrymple!" exclaimed the minister, discarding decorum a second time, in the extremity of his wrath at the audacity of the proposal, and stepping back, while he strode to the utmost bounds of the small apartment, "how dare you even ask me to put my foot within a playhouse? Never! never! I could not have believed it of your father's son, though he is a minister in a Kirk which I call Erastian. Farewell, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Cameron." George took his dismissal with the high hand of injured innocence, putting his crush hat on his head, and in doing so giving an additional offence to his old Kinkell neighbor's formality and propriety, while he prepared to say a final word in self-assertion. "I am grieved for more sakes than my own that we are parting thus. You will live to wish it had been otherwise, but you may think better of it."

"Never! never!" asseverated the old minister.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MINISTER'S VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MR. CAMERON was considerably disturbed by the scene with George Dalrymple, but it was not the first time that he had engaged in such a struggle between age and youth, wisdom and folly, and he shook off the impression before next morning, and prepared to set out with renewed enthusiasm on another day's exploration.

Now the thoughts of Mr. Cameron's

parishioners — from Widow Suttie and Katie Macbryde upwards to Mr. Andrew Cairns, the principal farmer and cattle-dealer — had tended to, and settled in, the gorgeous bazaar atmosphere of the Exhibition. Even Mrs. Cameron, who was a reasonably well-read and intelligent woman, having been a Dissenting minister's daughter, had given Mr. Cameron her particular charge with regard to what he was to observe for her special benefit in this and that department of the wonderful conglomeration of shops, so dazzling to the imagination of Kinkell, which had only one small shop of "all wares" betwixt it and the next market-town, and even there the shops were pronounced fifth-rate by those people of weight in the parish whose business or friendly connections took them occasionally to Dumfries or Jedburgh, not to say to Edinburgh. Mr. Cameron had an imposing — almost alarming — array of commissions which he had cheerfully undertaken to execute, and which he was expressly instructed were to be fulfilled in the Exhibition; for however its glories might have palled on the Londoners, it was still the wonder of the age to unsophisticated country people. The minister had also a little store laid aside in the purse, which he was half affronted to think he carried in a secret breast-pocket devised and manufactured for the occasion by his prudent wife, in the lining of his vest. He fondly calculated that this narrowly-achieved surplus would suffice in the Exhibition, where there were goods great and small, dear and cheap, to furnish him with those presents, from a gown for Mrs. Cameron to a bonnet-riband for the manse lass Christie, which, save for lack of means, he would fain have stretched from his household to the family of the farthest cottage within his control. In the circumstances, he had to fall back on the winter lectures for his general acknowledgment of the bounty which had been conferred upon him.

But what, after all, was the Exhibition in the minister's eyes compared to the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, above all Westminster Abbey, to which his Presbyterian feet were irresistibly drawn, in the light of his cultivated intelligence, and of what was considered in Kinkell the depths of his erudition, as well as of the dash of a poet in his temperament?

To Westminster Abbey the minister must needs go on the second day of his stay in town. As he walked he thought of St. Giles and of the Greyfriars, where the old peers and the commons of Scot-

land had met and signed the Solemn League and Covenant. The sight of the venerable stone crown of the one, and the weather-beaten walls of the other, had impressed him in his college days, more even than the castle on its rock — fit termination to the High Street — or the palace of Holyrood, presiding like a queen in her court at the end of the Canongate. He fortified himself by this recollection, but when he approached the magnificent pile and entered the great door of the Abbey, bending his stiff old Scotch neck, and uncovering his head without a sign from a verger, he stopped short, overwhelmed by the grandeur of pillared aisles, nave, chancel, windows, roof, altar, screen, all seen under the dim religious light which best became them. St. Giles was nothing to it. He had been able to say in his patriotism yesterday that he had seen no street in London to compare to Prince's Street, looking across its green gardens to the high houses of the old town, with the castle in the air, frowning down over all, or even to Queen Street, when the weather was clear enough to permit the broad blue Frith and the fair hills of Fife to be distinguished in the distance, stretched at the royal city's feet. But he could no longer, as he was a true man, dispute the unrivalled pre-eminence of the grand Gothic abbey.

The awe, admiration, and delight with which Westminster Abbey inspired the minister even shook for a moment his life's creed. He had to think who he was, an indirect descendant of that Richard Cameron who was slain a-witness for the truth, by rough-riding, bloodthirsty dragons in the wild heathery swamps of Airmoss, and over whose grave — not then marked by the stone inscribed with the Bible and sword — another persecuted man had sighed forth the weary wish, "Oh, to be wi' you, Richie!" He, Adam Cameron, had been fully as proud in his day of that lofty lineage of his as any ancient baron who slept till the crack of doom in one of yonder chapels of his well-charged knightly shield, making him free to so stately a resting-place.

In the right of his ancestry, Adam Cameron could bear to recall in Westminster Abbey his life-protest against prelacy.

The minister felt it jar on his state of emotion when he had not merely to descend to details, but to submit himself to a verger, to join a party of indifferent, glibly chattering sight-seers in order to be conducted, as a piece of business, through each chapel and nook, including Poet's

Corner, and to hear recited by rote the annals that he knew by heart.

However, he was a much-enduring man, disciplined to meekness; he trod as lightly and noiselessly as his years and his boots would permit, listened patiently, and looked with what interest was left him at Pitt and Fox's monuments, and Mary and Elizabeth's tombs.

The minister had ceased to be so engrossed as to fail to be conscious of a little group, consisting of a lady and two gentlemen, who did not belong strictly to the party under the verger's guidance, and who did not seem to be looking with any observation at carved oak and fretted stone, yet who hung on the outskirts of the gazers, and followed them pertinaciously from point to point. At last Mr. Cameron recognized, with a little start, that the taller gentleman of the two was George Dalrymple. Doubtless his being in Westminster Abbey, which he must have seen many a time, on the same occasion as the minister was a simple coincidence. On the other hand, Mr. Cameron had a dim recollection that he had spoken of going to the Abbey the first thing this morning, in the course of last night's visit, which had terminated so unpropitiously.

Mr. Cameron lost the thread of the verger's discourse on the royal bones that had been found at a particular spot, and as he bowed from a distance of stiff, perforce condemnation, as well as of space, to George Dalrymple, the minister glanced quickly at the young man's companions, to see if by any wild chance they also were from Kinkell.

But they were complete strangers. The young lady in the plain black hat and quiet grey gown was not one of George Dalrymple's sisters; the gentleman, with a stoop as of an elderly man, and wrapped up against the chill of the Abbey even on a summer day, with an overcoat—the collar turned up to his bald head like an invalid—was, as far as the minister could distinguish, nobody he had ever seen before. Some friends from an English country neighborhood, or even from a London suburb, of George Dalrymple's. Poor young man, they had much call to seek to abate his rashness and self-confidence, and bring him back to the right way. But Mr. Cameron had nothing whatever to do with them.

The minister sought to recover the lost clue to the verger's narrative, which he was recounting with the steadiness of a judge, but by no means with the energetic

springs and jerks and the groaning anxiety to impress his hearers of Mr. Cameron in his line of pulpit eloquence. In the search, the minister suddenly discovered that, strong old man as he was in the accustomed work to which his life was devoted, the last few days' unusual excitement in the pursuit of pleasure had been too much for him. He was seized with one of those attacks of giddiness to which he had been liable since a sad crisis in his history.

Mr. Cameron did what a modest man strongly objecting to be conspicuous or to give trouble would naturally have done under the circumstances. He left his party, staggered out of a side chapel into the main body of the building, and sat down on the nearest seat, trusting to a little rest and quiet to restore his lapsing senses.

But he was not unnoticed and unaided. Even before he had entirely recovered his consciousness he was dimly aware of people hurrying to him, of a friendly voice in his ears, a strong arm supporting him, and tender, womanly hands bathing his forehead with eau-de-Cologne. When he was still more come to himself, he saw that it was George Dalrymple who was bending over him, full of kindly anxiety. But although the passing faintness was wearing off, the minister remained full of doubt with regard to his own condition; for how could he have become possessed even for a moment with the incredible idea that it was his daughter Maidie, his little girl, dead in her eighteenth year these five-and-twenty years ago now, whose loving grey eyes had been looking into his, while her warm breath had been on his cold cheek, unless indeed he were suffering from the threatening of some much more serious illness than any of his old fits of giddiness?

He desired earnestly that he were at home again, under his wife's nursing, if it were to come to the worst—at the best it would be his greatest earthly consolation; and he should like to see home faces, some of his people, his kirk, were he only propped up in bed, out of his room window, once more. But the will of the Lord be done. And he was still so thrilled with the unreasonable notion of his contact with Maidie as the little girl he had known her, instead of the saint who had long taken precedence of him in the kingdom of glory, that, while he trembled in every limb with the very sweetness of the conviction, he forced himself to rise and



look in the face of George Dalrymple's companion, in order to disabuse himself of the vain imagination.

Of course it was not—it could not be. The pleasant young face was not even very like what Maidie's might have become had she lived to be a full-grown woman, and not died in the exquisite delicacy of her budding girlhood. There was just such a resemblance in the color of the brown hair and grey eyes, and the shape of the nose and mouth, as a distempered fancy might lay hold of to build on it "the baseless fabric of a dream." Shy, timid Maidie, who had been accustomed to have her mother to do everything, and who had only looked out on the world from the secluded homely windows of a country Dissenting Kirk manse, would have been the last girl in the world, though she had been brimful of good-will for every living creature, to come forward with perfect self-command and ready self-resource, to minister in a public place to the needs of any strange man, young or old.

"You are better now, my dear sir—you are a great deal better; you have been overdoing yourself a little, that is all. You well-off country folks have no correct conception of the toils of London sight-seeing. Stay; you must on no account stir till you are quite fit for us to remove you to a more suitable seat than one in Westminster Abbey. Happily, it still wants full twenty minutes to the hour of morning service," George Dalrymple was hastening to reassure himself, the minister, and all whom it might concern.

"I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. George, for coming to my assistance," said the minister with a little shamefacedness, in spite of his own innocence, because of the terms on which the two had parted the night before, that George Dalrymple seemed to have completely forgotten. "You are right; I have been overdoing myself, to begin with, while I ought to have had more sense. I suppose I had better give up sight-seeing for this day and return to my lodgings in Tottenham Road. I can get up and go to the door of this grand place," he added with reviving independence, observing that George Dalrymple looked doubtfully and questioningly at the young lady and beyond her at some person standing out of the minister's sight. "I apprehend there will be no difficulty in getting a cab, and I'll afford myself a carriage and ride in state for once. No, Mr. George, I had rather not wait to join in the service. What

would my presbytery say, man?" concluded the minister, attempting to be jocular.

"It is a long way to Tottenham Court Road," said George, lifting up his eyebrows and looking hard beyond Mr. Cameron. "We came here for the very purpose of introducing ourselves—some of us, that is—to you, and of asking you to go with us to a friend's house close at hand. I think you are able for it, Mr. Cameron. Forgive me if you consider that I am taking an unwarrantable liberty. There are circumstances in which a stranger—though Heaven knows I don't feel like a stranger," broke off the young man, impulsively—"is the best master of the ceremonies. You were not aware, in coming to London, that your son, whom you have not seen for many years, is here. He came with me to the Abbey this morning on the mere chance of seeing you again—himself unseen—if he could not make up his mind to ask you to forgive old offences, and be reconciled to him. This young lady is his daughter—your own granddaughter—Mr. Cameron."

Mr. Cameron was so stunned and bewildered that he could not for a second take in the statement. When he did so, he forgot Westminster Abbey and its pomp, and lived over again miserable hours spent in a different scene. He was back in his little country manse on the dark day, though it was in the month of May, when the news reached him—not quite a year after his daughter's death (he remembered he had still worn white cuffs on his coat, and his wife had on a black gown and black ribands in her cap)—that his son, who was in a position of trust as secretary to an insurance company in one of the larger towns, had been found guilty of the crime of embezzlement, and had fled before the detection of his guilt. Close on the announcement had come the culprit, turning, in the maze of his misery, to take refuge, like other hunted creatures, in his early home.

It was then that in the just wrath and cruel agony of the first moment's revelation the outraged father and clergyman had denounced the fraudulent deed which had brought shame on his honest hearth and sacred calling. He had spoken words which had driven the sinner forth never to return, never even to send tidings whether he fared well or ill to the mother who had borne him and the father whose pride the young man had been in his boyish days, long before he had acquired those extravagant tastes and careless habits which,



joined to weakness of will inherited neither from father nor mother, had proved the snare that entangled his feet till they hurried to destruction.

Mr. Cameron had lived to recall those bitter words in part, and to mourn that he had ever said them. He had never prayed one clause of the Lord's prayer, or read the parable of the prodigal son, or even the lesson taught to King David by the wise women of Tekoah, for many years, without experiencing a pang from his tender conscience because of his unspeakable yearning over the only child that had been left him, of whom, nevertheless, the minister had lost sight and sound for the last five-and-twenty years. The lad might be sleeping, for aught his father could tell, in that grave where — whether honored or dishonored, the grave of the rich man or the pauper — “the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” There alone the elder man — who remembered the younger oftenest now as the merry, sweet-tempered boy, whose pranks and winning ways had made glad the sober, almost stern little manse, and of whom his little sister had been so fond — might hope to meet him.

Mrs. Cameron, with all her alleged despotism, had never once reproached her husband for undue, unreasonable harshness, the consequences of which had doubly wrung her faithful mother's heart. She was too good a woman and minister's wife to forget herself so far in what would have been, after all, only idle recrimination. But well she knew that day and night she bore about in her strong heart and on her silent lips the name which was rarely mentioned between husband and wife, and never spoken before third parties; and that while she might sometimes cease for days together to think of Maidie, her dead young daughter, sleeping in the shadow of her home, as it were, with father and mother to be laid beside her, in a corner of the Kinkell kirkyard, where Church and Dissent met for once in peace, the minister's wife never for a single hour forgot her son Adam, who might be living and wandering far away. It was the constant burden of memory, with the reticence partly of nature, partly of position, which had ploughed so many furrows in Mrs. Cameron's once full, comely face, and left her apparently so dry and hard in her truth and goodness. The minister had a sure instinct that the effect wrought by good tidings of his son, even on the outward aspect of the poor mother, who had so long contained herself, and borne the burden and heat of the

day uncomplainingly by her husband and minister's side, would be like the striking of the rock in Horeb, when the waters gushed forth and the stony aridness vanished, leaving the wilderness to blossom like the rose.

The minister was saved from that wretched paralysis of terror of the law which he had once already suffered on his son's account. The defrauded company had shown themselves lenient from the very beginning. They had taken into consideration old favor for the wrong-doing servant, together with the character and position of the father, who would fain have made up the deficiency in the accounts, and they had also thought of the uselessness, save as affording example, of legal retaliation. They had refrained from prosecuting, and done what they could to hush up the miserable story. Young Adam was in no peril from his country's long-delayed vengeance on his delinquency.

A throng of memories were vividly present, as in certain abnormal conditions men have found their minds become supernaturally alive and acute, to the old minister sitting in the nave of Westminster Abbey, recovering from his attack of indisposition, rising feebly still, though he had been so stout of heart and full of spirit only yesterday, to stand upon his feet and to cope with the situation, looking round for his son who had been lost and was found. “Is my son Adam here?” he inquired, in a hurried, husky voice. “You take no liberty, Mr. George, in bringing a son to his father; and this Abbey is a house of God, whatever else it may be, where estranged friends may fitly meet and be reconciled. Adam, I am glad to see you again, at last,” said the minister, distinguishing and fixing his eyes upon the stooping, bald-headed figure, all the while standing apart in painful embarrassment and hesitation. Mr. Cameron stretched out his hand to give the grasp — wonderfully strong for the palsy of agitation that continued to shake him — which is the warmest token of regard, complacent or relenting, bestowed by a Scotch father on a son, while even as the minister's brown, long fingers closed with something of a man's grip on the white, shrunk, quivering fingers of his son, Mr. Cameron was saying to himself, in rueful wonder, “Woe's me! he looks ten years older than I looked when I saw him last. I have a hantle more hair on my head, bleached as it is, and a straighter back at this day. He is no better than a silly (sickly), spent invalid. Can this be Adam,

my bold, bonnie lad? His very mother will never know him."

"Father," young Adam was saying, eagerly, with the shamefaced bluster of an erring and repentant but, above all, a weak man, "you will come home with me. Janet and the younger children are waiting for you there, if you will come to our house. Father, you have not noticed my daughter; this is my Maidie—a good daughter, though I should not say so—the stay and support of her family."

Then it had been a "Maidie Cameron," his Maidie in heaven's near kinswoman, and bearing a share of her looks in ripened perfection as well as her name, who had helped to recover him from his attack of illness. Adam, in his exile, had remembered and named his daughter for his little sister—a simple act, yet which, more than anything else his son had said, went to the minister's softened heart. He gazed through a mist of gratitude at this Maidie, and owned that she was fair and looked good, as her father described her, worthy to bear the name by which she was called. He acknowledged that there was a great grace in the brightness, frankness, and ease of speech which had not belonged to her girlish predecessor, with which she came forward, at her father's words, and said, "Grandfather, will you some day let me be a granddaughter to you indeed? Will you make me know my father's mother, and let me try to serve you both? I do hope you will learn to love me."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE SMALL HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER, AND WHAT THE MINISTER HEARD THERE.

GEORGE DALRYMPLE had quietly withdrawn from the family group the moment his presence had become unnecessary and an intrusion.

Mr. Cameron quitted the Abbey without casting a backward glance on its architectural glory or its historic renown, and went with his son and granddaughter to their house in the neighborhood. When the minister entered it he looked round with perplexity and with rising dismay mingled with his wonder. In reality it was a small, old-fashioned place enough, in a side street; but to Mr. Cameron, recently come from his smaller, plainer, and infinitely more meagre Dissenting Kirk manse, or even from his Tottenham Court Road lodging, the little house in Westminster appeared a dwelling full of luxury and refinement. The differences

were not much greater than those of Brussels for Scotch carpets, of morocco for horsehair, and of walls painted smoke-color instead of being covered with papers of decided pattern and tint. And the changes struck Mr. Cameron intuitively as signal improvements. There were a few pictures, and statuettes, with books and music, all of which the minister would have liked to look at and handle, if his mind had been at ease. There was a bust of his granddaughter which caught his eye at once, and which he was told afterwards was the gift of a friendly sculptor. The minister could not help coveting it, since in the marble features, more than in the living face, he could see the likeness between the first and the second Maidie. But when he came to think of it, he was glad that the bust was the gift of a friend, though for that very reason it could not be lightly parted with, because the only modern thing of the kind like it, that he had seen, was in the house of a county member, when Mr. Cameron had breakfasted there, along with "ministers of every denomination," shortly before the last election.

The sentence of his son's ruin, freshly revived in the minister's mind, was yet vibrating in his ears. A hot flush rose unbidden in his cheek, as he could not escape the recollection of what had occasioned the wreck, and the questions were forced upon him, where did this abundance and elegance come from? who or what provided it?

But the minister was happily prevented from dwelling on this care by the entrance of his daughter-in-law, and the necessity of resuming their long-interrupted relations. Mr. Cameron had not in the old days entertained so poor an opinion of his son's wife as had been held by her mother-in-law. He had always been aware that she was no more than a pretty, thoughtless girl, who did nothing to check, if she did not rather do all in her power to encourage her husband's spendthrift propensities. But if the minister had ever grudged his son to her, he had come to think that she might have done better, had probably fared the worse in the luckless marriage, and that with a husband of firmer principles and greater wisdom, she might not only have had a happier fate, but have proved a worthier woman. The misfortunes of Janet, with her deterioration lying at his son's door, had been an additional sharp thorn thrust into the minister's sensitive flesh by Adam's wrongdoing.

It was therefore, on all counts, a distinct relief and satisfaction to see Janet not nearly so fallen off in appearance as her husband was, but still comely and pleasant to look upon, in her plump matronliness, with her dress in the reigning fashion, and of good silken material.

Janet, who in her geniality was shallower even than her husband, and who was destitute of the compunction and mortification from which he could not altogether escape, was able to meet her father-in-law without awkwardness, and as if they had parted but yesterday.

Upon the whole, her unconsciousness was a great lightening of the difficulties of the situation, and Mr. Cameron felt tempted to be much obliged to her for it, as well as for the old constitutional good-nature with which she seated him in the most comfortable chair, heard with apparent concern of his recent indisposition, went herself for wine and brandy and Scotch whisky — which he might prefer — and besought him to tell her what he would take for luncheon.

The men, so much more intimately connected, and in their different degrees so much more deeply moved, were glad to gloss over what was trying and discomfiting in their reunion by the surface prattle of the woman.

Yes, it was something, it was even a good deal to Mr. Cameron, in the long dead and buried hopes and ambitions which he had cherished for his son, to see him alive; and if an ailing man, still capable of not only possessing but enjoying those comforts and embellishments of life with which he was freely surrounded in his home, if only they were honorably come by.

The emotions which belong to kindred and household life began to stir powerfully in the minister's breast. It was like a cordial to the old man, this very morning childless, to have not only his prodigal son restored to him in such a condition as his most sanguine anticipations would not have dared in all these five-and-twenty years to dream, but to have his daughter-in-law Janet waiting kindly upon him, inquiring for her mother-in-law, asking what changes had taken place in Kinkell. And after she had talked to him of her grown-up daughter, she introduced to him two younger children whom he had never seen — pale little Londoners, certainly, and with a great break, signifying trial and death, between them and their elder sister, who, as the minister could guess, had been born shortly after the family's down-

fall, but in their pretty, simple, hopeful childishness making the grandfather suddenly a rich man.

If only the sinner sitting there, a prematurely aged and broken man, bearing a part of his penalty, were sincerely penitent — if he had turned altogether from the error of his ways, even though he had not proposed to make that reparation to the company he had injured which his father had five-and-twenty years before volunteered to provide in the room of his son, in time, out of his pittance of a salary, when the proposal had been declined with thanks and respectful sympathy and commiseration — then the minister would be not simply grateful, but strangely glad. The doubt, which was the cloud on the day's adventure, was nearly dissipated by Mr. Cameron's intercourse with his granddaughter Maidie.

The second Maidie had in the middle of her perfect womanliness, and along with the bright intelligence which distinguished her, such an air of simple steadfastness, of tried and tempered faith and courage, which had never been found wanting, that it lent to her young womanhood a positive dignity which the minister felt and of which he approved, though he could not analyze or explain the innocent, unconscious self-respect. He was sure that his granddaughter formed a tower of strength in herself; he was more and more drawn to her, even while he perceived that the likeness to her girl aunt, which had originally attracted him, belonged solely to the features and to an occasional tone of the voice, and was almost altogether lost in the play of expression which characterized the more womanly face before him.

Nevertheless, when Mr. Cameron talked aside to his granddaughter, in order to enable his son and daughter-in-law to complete their future arrangements in regard to him, he was induced to mention the traits which the two Maidies had in common, and to allude to the singular impression which these had made on his mind, taken unawares and disordered by illness.

His granddaughter proved an excellent listener, quiet, earnest, with an electric comprehension of his feelings. "I am a Maidie Cameron," she said, "though, alas! but a poor representative of the old Maidie. Papa has often told me of her: he has spoken more of her than of his other relations, naturally, because she was his contemporary and companion," she added, with a quick fear of wounding the father, which would not have occurred to her mother, and hardly to her own father.

"I am proud of both my names. We have not Maidie given for Magdalen in England, and Cameron has an echo of Lochiel and Lochaber."

"It is not from any Lochiel that you are descended, child," said the minister, mounding his hobby, "or if he came of the Inverness Camerons, Richard Cameron was as far beyond them in Christian faith and moral worth as a civilized man is beyond a savage, or the least saint who ever came out of great tribulation to enter into the rest prepared for the people of God is beyond a poor unregenerate sinner in the highest places of this earth. Your Aunt Maidie could have told you all about Richard Cameron. When she was but a toddling wee thing, rather than hearken to fairy tales, she would ask for his story, and that of the wife of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, she who said she was prouder of her man as he lay at her feet murdered in the cause of Christ and the Covenant, than she had ever been of him when he stood by her side a brave bridegroom, and who sat a whole night on the lonely hillside, with the dead head of him that had been her stay and shield lying in her lap, and nothing near her save whaups and peaswits and her God; and he, to be sure, was all around her."

The second Maidie Cameron's grey eyes glistened and deepened wonderfully while she looked at the minister. "That was a heroine," she said, with a heroic ring in her own clear, flexible voice; "and your Maidie must have been very good and saintly, like Queen Esther or Joan of Arc."

"I do not know about Queen Esther," said the minister, slightly puzzled, thinking altogether of his Bible, and not at all of Racine's play. "Mordecai reared her to be as a dutiful daughter to him; but I never read that she was so very saintly before she was raised up to work out the deliverance of Israel; indeed, the chances were against it, in the captivity, in a heathen land, with its heathen abominations. As for Joan of Arc, a crazy Papist lass, with her visions of the Virgin Mary!" exclaimed the minister, with gentle contempt, "I don't know that to have saintliness like hers would have been any very great boon. No; you mean well, my dear, but you must find a different comparison than to a Persian queen — though she was a good Jewess and a devoted woman, I'll not deny that — or to a haunted young Romanist for my Maidie," said the minister, clasping his hands across his knees, and gazing before him with a soft, far-away look in his old eyes. "I'll tell

you more nearly what she was like: a young servant of the Lord, who had known as little evil as a sinful mortal can know in this wicked world; a creature who had been cared for and guarded in her quiet corner, maybe too much so; but she was our one bit lassie, very gentle and delicate both in mind and body, so that she was never out of her mother's sight, and very rarely out of my thoughts, I confess it, during the seventeen years of her earthly life."

"I think I can see her, grandfather," said Maidie, wistfully; "the dear good little home daughter, who was so cared for, who had never even seen or heard of coarse, foolish manners, mean, fierce spite and strife, and hard, worldly levity. I can fancy her in the country manse and parish which were her world, as busy as a bee and as blithe as a bird all day, moving softly as a mouse the while, helping her mother to keep house, to bake, to brew — if you brew yet down in Scotland — walking with you and carrying dainties for your sick poor, stealing with her seam into your study, to sit beside you while you wrote your sermon, singing to you old songs and hymns in the gloaming, joining with a quiet, devout heart in your prayers, loved and looked up to, and with none to make her afraid."

"Just so," acquiesced the minister, with a fond sigh; "you are a wonderfully good guesser, bairn; one would think that you had lived in a country manse and in no other home all your days;" and he turned from contemplating the tender memory of the dead to regarding with complacency the sympathetic, living woman beside him.

"I? Oh no, no; I have had a different experience," said the young woman, shaking her head with a certain sad wisdom of superior knowledge. "Perhaps I was not fit for the other. God did not see me fit for it, and set me in another lot. But she must have been a happy girl."

"I think she was happy while she was here; but what is such happiness to her everlasting portion?" asked the minister, with reverent, ardent faith and hope. "And if you have not known a country manse before, Maidie," he continued, lingering upon the name while he gave the conversation a lighter turn, "you must soon learn to know it, and to know it well too. I think your grandmother will be greatly taken with you," he concluded, speaking to himself meditatively, as pleasant visions flitted across his mind of abundant communication in time to come between him and his son's family, with young

faces and young steps — this winning Maidie Cameron's prominent among them, glancing and flitting lightly once more in and out of the manse parlor.

The minister did not say, however, why he thought his wife would take kindly to Maidie — that she was unlike her mother.

"Ah! if I could," remarked Maidie, speaking low and slow, with doubt in her accents, and a shade of sensitive pride and pain and something like reproach in her expressive face. She made a little change in the subject the next moment. "Mr. George Dalrymple — papa always calls him Mr. George," she said, with a little laugh and an increase of color in her pale, fair face — "has often told me of Scotch manses."

"Ah! well, his father's is another sort of manse from mine," observed the minister, careful to prevent misconception. "The doctor's manse is not so far behind a laird's mansion, with its attempt at an avenue and a lawn, and flower and kitchen gardens. But my place is only a smaller kind of farmhouse, without the offices. We Dissenting ministers left the loaves and fishes behind us in the Establishment; not that I take credit for what my fathers did, or think myself other than well off — far better than I deserve. And, Maidie, when you come to Kinkell, though my manse is not a fine house like this, I can promise you a big, old-fashioned garden to daunder about and sit down in, and a grand view to look at, such as you never saw in London."

"I dare say not," said Maidie, gaily.

"You know Mr. George Dalrymple?" Mr. Cameron suggested inquisitively, divided in his own mind between gratitude to Mr. George for his recent service and doubt whether in view of Mr. George's lax habits as a frequenter of theatres, which he had not scrupled to expose and even to defend to the minister, he was a fit companion for the minister's young granddaughter.

"Oh, yes! we know him very well," said Maidie Cameron, this time without any fluctuation of color or infinitesimal change of manner. "He has been very good to me; his articles have been of great service to me." Then she stopped, and knitted her smooth brows as at a perpetually recurring obstacle which she did not know how to overcome.

"Do you mean that Mr. George contributes articles to the newspapers or magazines which it is of such benefit for a young woman to study?" pressed the minister, at once mystified and inclined to

question the inference. Without doubt Maidie might find a fitter and safer literary guide than a young man of uncertain and unsound opinions.

Maidie was saved from the difficulty of replying. The conversation was interrupted by her father's coming forward and saying, with the perceptible bluster which, while it contrasted oddly with his invalid looks, was his mode of plunging headlong into the centre of a trouble, "Father, of course you will remain with us while you stay in town. We shall be only too happy to have you here, and you will be able to get acquainted with the bairns. You see I do not forget my Scotch — little chance of that, even if Janet were not at my elbow, and Maidie hankering after her mother-tongue and everything Scotch, with Mr. George Dalrymple to refresh our memories with the pure Doric. You ought to save the hire of your lodgings, but if you have engaged them for the whole time, never mind the money — I flatter myself that we can make you a thousand times more comfortable and happier here. Janet, and Maidie when she has spare time, will lionize you to your heart's content. I am not good for much, but I need not say that you may command me for anything I can do. Father, indeed it is good to have you here. If only my mother had accompanied you; but that may come next," said the rescued prodigal, with more feeling in his voice and his eyes than he had yet shown. "I shall leave it to yourself," he began again, rapidly, "to decide whether you will go and see Maidie. I can assure you she — none of us — will take it amiss if you stay away, though, of course, she and the whole of us should like you — would look upon it as a high compliment if you made up your mind to go. At this distance, in this great city, where any fellow, young or old, can do what he likes, and nobody is known — above all, with your near relationship to Maidie — I cannot see that the most rigid critic would find any objection."

"I have not the smallest idea of what you are driving at, Adam," said the minister, staring at his son, and striving in vain to make anything out of his long, disjointed speech. Was the confirmed bad health, for which Janet had accounted by attributing it to the lasting effects of a terrible experience of ague which Adam had gone through during his short stay in America immediately after he left Scotland, an affection of the brain after all? Did it leave the younger Adam Cameron to a certain extent irresponsible for all his



actions, past, present, and to come? There was a grain of consolation along with much pain in the notion.

"Is not Maidie here?"—the minister pursued his effort at arriving at an explanation. "Have we not been good company to each other—is not that true, my dear—for the last half-hour? What should take me elsewhere to see her?"

"But it is one thing to see Maidie in private and another to see her in public," said her father, with a forced laugh and a restless movement, which went some length to confirm the minister's terrible suspicion. "Only a few favored friends have the privilege of doing the first, and if she grants the second distinction to a wider circle, I am sure it is a great boon to them, as well as a gain to her. I said something within the first few minutes of our meeting, father, of how much we all owed to Maidie. I have to tell you that this house, which I think has impressed you favorably; the rest and quiet which is all that a poor little-worth, laid-aside dog like me can so much as crave; her mother's peace and comfort, the young ones' rearing and their future prospects, are all due to, all secured by, Maidie. You will not, in spite of your cloth, refuse to acknowledge that she is the best of daughters and a good woman, though her vocation is the stage and her calling that of an actress."

"Adam!" cried the minister, too horrified to be incensed, "I cannot believe it. Have you sunk so low as to suffer your daughter to be the sacrifice for your shortcomings—to buy your rest and the advantage of the family by her exposure and degradation? I had hoped better things of you even yet. I could not—would not—be a party to this cruellest unfatherliness, though I had not the boast of being a clergyman in a Kirk which, as you well know, holds the play-house to be the resort of the profligate and wanton—the house of the devil, as opposed to the house of God." The minister caught up his hat, and made a blind stumble towards the door.

"Stay, father, and hear reason," urged his son.

"Indeed, Mr. Cameron, you are very illiberal and very unkind," said his daughter-in-law glibly, in her rare resentment. "You know I never contradicted you in my life before, because you are an old man and Adam's father—not to say a minister of the gospel. But what would become of us all, I should like to know, if we were as prejudiced and hard as you?

Who is more respected and praised than our Maidie—that I should have to insist upon it? Whole columns of the newspapers are written about her; she is applauded and encored every night. She could have her choice of valuable bracelets, as well as lovely bouquets, if she were not so proud and particular a girl—too particular, I tell her. She has never yet gone to or come from the theatre unattended by some of her own people. She is our daughter, sir, whom we have a good right to be proud of."

"You think of your own temporal welfare, when you should think of your child's eternal interests," groaned the minister. "You live at ease on the wages of sin. Such wretched praise and miserable bribes as you reckon up are no honor, but a blistering shame——"

"Grandfather, hear me," said Maidie, coming forward as one who had a title to be heard, and speaking with such simple authority that even her grandfather deferred to her and listened to what she had to say. "You are an old and a good man; and, believe me or not, I reverence your grey hairs and sorrows, and would love you—yes, dearly—if you would let me now. Still I must speak. Have you a call to judge and condemn others who must hear and obey their own consciences and their own reading of the Bible—not yours, else they would cease to be free creatures—to whose own Master they must stand or fall? Has not Wisdom many children, and are not their ways very various? Is it not possible to stand on high and slippery places and yet have the feet kept from falling, if men and women are true to themselves and God? I do not say that it is right for them to choose difficult paths, but is the choice always given them? Is it not so far made for them by the gifts which they have received and the circumstances in which they find themselves? Whether is it better for men and women to accept the situation and be content with and resigned to circumstances—which are not in themselves or of necessity evil—striving hard to make the best of them, or to waste time and strength in sighing after the unattainable and the impossible? I know that a great deal of what you said has its foundation in the false and base conditions which, alas! are too apt to cling to an artist's life when it has to do with green-rooms and footlights, and great mixed multitudes; but are the poor actors and actresses alone or even principally to blame for these conditions, and can they

not be resisted like other wrong surroundings, to death if need be?"

"Child," said the minister, "you are too young and — God help you! — I trust — I cannot but think, too innocent to judge of such things; but I imagined you a fitting namesake of another Maidie Cameron. Adam Cameron, how dared you drag that name through the mire of a theatre?" he turned fiercely to accuse his degenerate son.

"I did not, father; I assure you I have never done so," Maidie's father urged eagerly, glad to have it in his power to clear himself on one point. "I remembered the people she was come of, and what they would think. Besides, it is not customary for a young actor, or at least for a young actress, to go on the stage by her real name. She is not Maidie Cameron there and in play-bills; her stage name is Jane Mortimer. The secret of her identity has been carefully preserved: only our own little circle of a few private people who are personal friends — George Dalrymple among their number, and he is sworn to secrecy — know Jane Mortimer as Maidie Cameron. But whatever others may have been guilty of, she has done nothing to disgrace the name. Most impartial judges would consider she has cast lustre upon it."

"Lustre, forsooth!" cried the minister, with stern sarcasm. "Secrecy, an alias where a young woman is concerned! — what does that bode?"

"What would you have had me do? what could I do to this day?" remonstrated the son, half indignantly, half sullenly. "We were poorly off for years and years after I returned from America. We were dragging out a miserable existence in a country town in the south of England. All we could do to keep soul and body together was summed up in my getting law-papers to copy, when I was not too full of the shivers to hold a pen, at half-price, as a favor, in our wretched lodging; and in Janet's working as an untrained dress-maker between the times of slaving about her sick husband and half-starving children. It was then that we lost our second girl and eldest boy. Then Maidie caught the fancy of a gentleman who lived in a good house near ours, and with whose children, of her own age, she had picked up an acquaintance. Before we had been reduced so low, she had been sent to the best schools we could afford her, and she read well, and had a trick of reciting, as we held, wonderfully for her years. The gentleman heard her, and came to me with

a proposal. He was a retired tragedian of some note, and I may tell you a man of unblemished reputation. He told me that he believed he had found in my little girl a genius that, if properly trained, would adorn the stage, restoring its palmy days, and make the fortune of her family. He offered to teach the child, for love of his art, all he knew, and afterwards to advance the money requisite for her thorough education. He desired to send her to a dramatic college in France; there was nothing that he would not have done for her. It was a great opening for a family almost in the last extremity of distress. But I did not close with it at once; I consulted the best friends I had in the place, including the respectable lawyer I worked for, who had recognized that I had seen better days. I took counsel with the child's mother; I sounded Maidie herself. At last I came to the conclusion that, under certain restrictions, I could not do better for Maidie any more than for the rest of us. Who or what was I that I should stand in the way of the development and employment of her fine and delightful faculty? Had my own training — forgive me, sir," asked the younger Adam, with his curious half-humility, half-bluster — "answered so well that I should have an insuperable objection to another? I required only that the child should not be parted from us, her natural guardians, whose love might supply all other deficiencies; and neither was she, unless during the season that she attended the foreign dramatic college, and then she was under the special care of a German actress known to and vouched for by our English friend. I believe, had it been otherwise, Maidie was too engrossed with her art, too bent on attaining eminence in it, to have sustained injury. Have you forgotten, father, that to the pure all things are pure, and that even among the corrupt there may remain a human respect for, and not a devilish hatred of, innocence? I have never had cause to regret my decision. Maidie, as Jane Mortimer, is one of the most accomplished, admired actresses in London — nay, one who in her little day can do something for the stage by introducing and interpreting to the dullest, most clouded comprehension nobler parts and better plays. I wish you heard Mr. George Dalrymple on this point. She is also, as Maidie Cameron — I can venture to say it to her face — not only a dear, true, most generous daughter — see, her mother is crying at the mention of the child's truth and generosity — she is a virtuous, honorable and honored, noble

young woman. Father, is it not more creditable to meet and conquer temptations than not to encounter them at all? Is ignorance innocence? Cannot a woman in the world—an actress, let us say, granting that she is more exposed and the struggle is harder—if she only continue God-fearing and upright, be a Christian as well as a nun, or a girl who lives like a nun? Was it God or man who said, 'Thou shalt not enter into a play-house—not to purify and elevate it; thou shalt not employ on the stage in the service of virtue the peculiar talents which can be used with effect there and there alone'?"

"Touch not the accursed thing," said the minister, setting his face like a rock, and planting his foot heavily on the floor, as if he took his stand on the words and defied all assailants. "'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

"You have no mercy on us," cried Janet, beginning to sob. "You ought to have seen the straits we were in, and then you might have been well pleased to have had us get our heads above water again, instead of taunting us like this. Any other grandfather in the world would have been proud of such a granddaughter, with her talents and beauty, though I say it that should not, who could ride in her carriage if she would, who is as much run after (though she cares so little for such notice) as if she were the queen. You may be a Presbyterian minister too pure to remain in the Established Kirk, but you are very little of a Christian in my opinion, with your dogmas and doctrines. I am thankful that I have got beyond them and that I go to the Church of England nowadays."

"Be quiet, Janet," interrupted her husband excitedly and at the same time querulously, for he was fatigued by the strenuous effort he had made to justify his conduct. "My circumstances alone were and are sufficient warrant for what I have done. What would have become of us? What would become yet of my family without Maidie's gift? As for myself, I agree with you that I may go and die in the streets or in the poorhouse any day, for all the loss it would be to you, or my children, or the world. I cannot, any more now than thirteen years ago, work to any purpose. I cannot beg, or steal." He ended abruptly, with a still greater fall of the countenance, and with the moisture gathering on his brow.

"Adam," said the minister more gently, "come to me one and all of you. Trust to me."

"Impossible, father," cried the younger

Adam impatiently, "even if it were not too late, we should have you and my mother dragged down to starvation and disgrace as well as ourselves. You have a paltry enough pittance as it is. You have suffered sufficiently already for the faults of others."

"Grandfather," said Maidie again, "I am of age; I have worked for myself, and it has been my pride and pleasure to work for poor papa and mamma and the children for years. Surely I have some right to decide for myself, though I am a woman. Neither can I relinquish my calling without being convinced that it is forbidden, any more than you, pardon the simile, could relinquish your preaching. I know that the stage is not what it might be, but I do not know that it never can be what it ought. I know that there are grave and grievous reproaches brought against it justly, which those who belong to it and have its interests at heart must deplore, more heartily than any others can deplore them; but I am not aware that the stage will never, in any state of society, rise triumphant over its worst enemies. Its own children must often be of the number, else it could never have been sentenced and condemned as it has been. Good people—it would be little matter if our accusers were bad themselves—say all manner of evil against us, not always falsely," said Maidie, with a rush of ingenuous color over her face—"want of reverence, want of truth, of honesty, sobriety, modesty—and when all these wants have been recorded, it is hardly worth while adding to their number, but want of forethought, self-denial, and prudence have been abundantly ascribed to actors and actresses, from Shakespeare's time downwards. There must have been some ground for these heavy imputations. Papa's Scotch proverb says, 'There's aye water where the stirk's drowned.' I suppose the stage, as it has been managed, has presented special facility for the greatest display of such worthlessness. And yet there have been—even you, sir, will not deny it—shining and striking instances of not a few actors and actresses who have also been good men and women, good sons and daughters, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, friends and citizens, all of them reverent, truthful, honest, sober, modest, and as prudent as they were generous—for generosity, like good-fellowship, has never been the quality in which the poor, branded, light-headed wearers of the sock and buskin," broke off Maidie with proud humility, "have

been found wanting. When all other virtues have been denied to the stage, brotherly kindness and charity have been allowed to flourish on its boards. Such numerous honorable exceptions speak volumes for the stage and what it might be. I cannot tell whether they are pioneers or leaders of a forlorn hope, but I shall stand by them and cast in my lot with them, so long as I am my own mistress and own no other ties save those here, which lead me to, rather than withdraw me from, my calling," said Maidie, rearing her slender throat, and standing erect, with a panting breast, and a fine flush on a face which had become absolutely beautiful. "All the same, grandfather," she finished, letting her voice sink suddenly, and shaking her head a little ruefully, "I count that my Aunt Maidie's was a blessed youth, and I could wish that mine had been the same. But it was not to be, and we can no more change the present to suit what we would fain have had for our antecedents than we can alter the past itself."

"I must have room to think," said the minister, speaking vehemently, as if he were encompassed on every side, and pressed hard by warring agencies. "You must let me go," he urged, well-nigh piteously; "this has been a great blow to me, coming quickly after a great boon. This has been a strangely marked day in my life. Don't fear that I shall not return; I have no wish that we should lose sight of each other for another quarter of a century, whatever comes of this — this painful discovery and the strife it has stirred up between us. Forgive me if I have run against your views and wishes. I am a minister of God, as well as an old man, and cannot change my principles."

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### THE TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

I HAVE chosen as the subject of the present article the territorial expansion of Russia, because there seems to be at present a tendency to resuscitate the old legend about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian Bear which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring unfortunate Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey — so runs the legend — she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese Empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her west-

ern frontier. Already one well-known Continental publicist has declared that Russia is the great sphinx of modern times, and that Europe must guess her riddle or consent to be devoured. The riddle, if I read the allegory aright, is her expansive power, and it must be confessed that at first sight this power seems truly marvellous, not to say alarming. For a thousand years she has gone on steadily and irresistibly widening her borders. An insignificant tribe or collection of tribes which once occupied a small territory near the sources of the Dnieper and western Dwina, has gradually grown into a great nation, with a territory of more than 370,000 geographical square miles, stretching from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and the Caspian. And the process of expansion is still going on with unabated rapidity. Truly there is here a riddle deserving to be solved. What is the secret of this expansive power? Is it a mere barbarous lust of territorial aggrandizement, or is it some more reasonable motive? And what is the nature of the process? Is annexation of territory followed by assimilation, or do the new acquisitions retain their old character? Is the empire in its present extent a homogeneous whole, or a conglomeration of heterogeneous units held together by the outward bond of administration? These and similar questions ought to have for us at the present moment more than a purely theoretical interest. If we could discover the nature and causes of Russia's territorial expansion we might determine how far annexation strengthens or weakens her, and form some plausible conjectures as to how, when, and where the process of expansion is to stop.

By glancing at the history of Russia from the economic point of view we can at once detect two prominent causes of expansion. These are the result, not of any ethnological peculiarity, but simply of the fact that the Russo-Slavonians have always been an agricultural people, employing merely the primitive methods of husbandry. All such people have a strong tendency to widen their borders, and for a good reason. The natural increase of population demands an increased production of grain, whilst the primitive methods of cultivation rapidly exhaust the soil and diminish its productivity. Thus the ordinary course of life increases the demand for grain, and at the same time diminishes the supply. With regard to this stage of economic development the modest asser-

tion of Malthus, that the supply of food does not increase so rapidly as the population, falls far short of the truth. The population increases whilst the supply of food decreases, not only relatively but absolutely.

When a people reaches this point in its economic development, it must necessarily adopt one of two expedients: either it must prevent the increase of population, or it must increase the production of food. The former of these two alternatives may be effected in a variety of ways. A large number of the young infants may be exposed, or a despotic ruler may occasionally order a massacre of the innocents, or the surplus population may emigrate to foreign lands, as was done by the Scandinavians in the ninth century, and as is done by ourselves at the present day. The latter alternative may be effected either by extending the area of cultivation or by improving the system of agriculture.

Amidst all these various expedients the Russo-Slavonians had no difficulty in choosing. Indeed, it may be said that their geographical position relieved them from the necessity of deliberately making a choice. To the eastward they had a boundless expanse of thinly-populated virgin land, and accordingly they easily extended the area of cultivation. This was at once the most natural and the wisest course, for of all the possible devices for preserving the equilibrium between population and food-production, increasing the area of cultivation is the easiest and most effective. High farming is a thing to be proud of when there is a scarcity of land, but it would be absurd to attempt it when there happens to be in the vicinity abundance of virgin soil. It is only when further extension is impossible that intensive culture is adopted.

The process of expansion thus produced by purely economic causes was accelerated by political influences. The oppression and exactions of the authorities made many move eastwards. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this oppression reached its climax. The increase in the numbers of officials, the augmentation of the taxes, the merciless exactions of the *voyevods* and their subordinates, the transformation of the free peasants into serfs, the ecclesiastical reforms and consequent persecutions of the Old Ritualists, the frequent conscriptions and violent reforms of Peter the Great—these and similar burdens made thousands flee and seek a refuge in the free territory where there were no proprietors, no *voy-*

*evods*, and no tax-gatherers. But the State, with its army of officials and tax-gatherers, followed close on the heels of the fugitives, and those who wished to preserve their liberty had to advance still further. Notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to retain the population in the localities actually occupied, the wave of colonization moved steadily onwards.

For this kind of colonization the Russian peasant is by nature peculiarly well adapted. Peace-loving, good-natured, long-suffering, having always at hand the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and possessing a power of self-adaptation which we headlong, stiff-necked Britons know nothing of, he easily makes friends with any foreign population among whom his lot is cast. He has none of that consciousness of personal and national superiority which so often transforms law-respecting, liberty-loving Englishmen into cruel tyrants when they come in contact with men of a weaker race or a lower degree of civilization. Nor has he any of that inconsiderate proselytizing zeal which makes pagans so often fail to recognize in British Christianity the religion of love. Each nation, he thinks, has received from God its peculiar faith, and all men should believe and act according to the faith in which they have been born. When he goes to settle among a foreign people, even when his future neighbors have the reputation of being inhospitable and unfriendly to strangers, he takes with him neither revolver nor bowie-knife. He has no intention of injuring others, and does not see why others should do him any bodily harm. In his diminutive, loosely-constructed, four-wheeled cart, drawn by an uncouth, shaggy pony as hardy as its master, he will start on a journey of several hundred miles, with nothing but his hatchet, his iron kettle, his light wooden plough, and a stock of simple provisions sufficient to sustain life till the first crop is raised.

The vast territory which lay open to the Russian colonist consisted of two contiguous regions separated from each other by no mountain or river, but differing widely from each other in many respects. The northern region, comprising all the northern part of eastern Europe and of Asia even unto Kamtschatka, may be roughly described as a land of forests, intersected by many rivers, and containing numerous lakes and marshes. The southern region, stretching away into central Asia, is, for the most part, what Russians call a *steppe*, and Americans term a *prairie*.



rie — a flat country scantily supplied with water, and scantily covered by vegetation. The whole of this great territory was formerly occupied by what ethnologists loosely call the Turanian family of mankind — the forest region being thinly inhabited by Finnish tribes, who lived by hunting and agriculture, and the steppe being held by Tartar or Turkish tribes, who led a pastoral or nomadic life.

Each of these two regions presented peculiar inducements and peculiar obstacles to colonization. In the forests agriculture was for the first settlers a very laborious operation. The *modus operandi* may still be studied by observation at the present day. In spring, when the leaves begin to appear on the trees, a band of peasants proceed with their hatchets to the spot fixed on for a clearing. First the large trees are attacked, and when these have been laid low, the young ones are felled likewise. Each tree is allowed to remain as it falls, and when all have been felled, the hardy woodsmen return to their homes, and think no more about the clearing for several months. In the autumn they return to the spot in order to strip the fallen trees of their branches, to pick out what is fit for building-purposes, and to pile up the remainder in heaps after taking what is required for firewood. The logs to be used for building are dragged away as soon as the first fall of snow has made a good slippery road, and the remainder is built up into enormous piles, standing close to each other. In the following spring these are stirred up with long poles and ignited. First flames appear at various points, and then, with the aid of the dry grass and underwood, rapidly spread towards each other till they join and form a gigantic bonfire, such as is never seen in a civilized country. If the fire does its work properly, it covers the cleared space with a layer of ashes, and when these ashes have been slightly mixed with the underlying soil, the seed is sown, and then covered by means of a primitive harrow composed of the branch of a pine-tree. In the autumn the sowers who have thus cast their bread upon the ashes may expect their reward. In ordinary years barley or rye will probably produce at least six or seven fold, and it is quite possible, if the season be favorable, that as much as twenty-five or thirty fold may be produced. Unfortunately this artificial fertility is very short-lived. It may be exhausted in two or three years if the natural soil be poor and stony, and even where the soil is comparatively good, not

more than seven or eight tolerable harvests will be obtained. On the whole, therefore, this primitive system of agriculture does not give a very high remuneration for the labor expended.

Much simpler and less laborious is the system of agriculture practised on the steppe. Here the squatter had no trees to fell, no clearing to make. Nature had cleared the land for him and supplied him with a rich black soil of marvellous fertility, which centuries of cultivation has now only in part exhausted. All he had to do was to scratch the land and throw in the seed and he might confidently look forward to a magnificent harvest. Why then, it may be asked, did the Russian peasant often choose the northern forests, where the soil was poor and could not be used without a considerable expenditure of labor in felling the trees, when he had, at an equal distance from his home, rich, fertile land already prepared for him by nature? For this apparent inconsistency there was a good and valid reason. The Russian peasants had not, even in those good old times, any passionate love of labor for its own sake, nor were they by any means insensible to the facilities and advantages of the steppe system of agriculture. Had they regarded the subject from the purely agricultural point of view, every one of them would have preferred the southern steppe to the northern forest. In reality certain collateral circumstances had to be considered, and therein lies the explanation of the phenomenon. The colonist had to take into consideration the fauna as well as the flora of the two regions. At the head of the fauna in the northern forests stood the peace-loving, laborious Finnish tribes, little disposed to molest settlers who did not make themselves obnoxiously aggressive; on the steppe lived the predatory nomadic hordes, ever ready to attack, plunder, and carry off as slaves the peaceful, agricultural population. These facts, as well as the agricultural conditions, were perfectly well known to the Russian peasant, and he naturally took them into consideration in determining where he should settle. Fearless and fatalistic as he is, he could not entirely close his eyes to the dangers of the steppe, and many chose rather to encounter the hard work of the forest region.

Though the colonization of the northern forest was not effected without bloodshed, its general character was pacific, and it accordingly received little attention from the contemporary chroniclers. The col-

onization of the steppe, on the contrary, forms one of the bloodiest pages of European history. From the earliest times the great plains to the north of the Black Sea and the Caspian were held by various nomadic hordes, and a continual border warfare was carried on between them and the sedentary agricultural population. "This people," says a contemporary Byzantine writer, "have no fixed place of abode, they seek to conquer all lands and colonize none. They are flying people, and therefore cannot be caught. As they have neither towns nor villages they must be hunted like wild beasts. They can be fitly compared only to griffins, which beneficent nature has banished to uninhabited regions." Their raids are thus described by an old Russian chronicler: "They burn the villages, the farmyards, and the churches. The land is turned by them into a desert, and the overgrown fields become the lair of wild beasts. Many people are led away into slavery; others are tortured and killed or die from hunger and thirst. Sad, weary, stiff from cold, with faces wan from woe, barefoot or naked, and torn by the thistles, the Russian prisoners trudge along through an unknown country, and weeping say to one another, 'I am from such a town, and I from such a village.'" And in harmony with the monastic chroniclers we hear the nameless Slavonic Ossian wailing for the fallen sons of Rus: "In the Russian land is rarely heard the voice of the husbandman, but often the cry of the vultures, fighting with each other over the bodies of slain, and the ravens scream as they fly to the spoil."

For centuries this struggle of agricultural colonization with nomadic barbarism went on with varying success. At one time the agriculturists advance steadily; at another they are driven back and the whole of Russia becomes an *uluss* or tributary state of the Mongol emperors; then the movement forward recommences, and finally the nomads are expelled or pacified. This final result has been only very recently attained. At the middle of the last century thousands of Russians were still sold annually in the slave-markets of the Crimea, and the practice went on till the Crimea was annexed to the Russian Empire by Catherine II. Even then the kidnapping did not entirely cease. Indeed, it was still practised in our own day by the khan of Khiva and other potentates who had succeeded in maintaining their independence. These two different kinds of colonization naturally

produced different kinds of colonists. In the north the colonists were all agriculturists or traders; in the south, besides the agriculturists and traders, was formed a peculiar hybrid class of men, half colonists and half soldiers, known under the name of Cossacks.

I have been so often asked what a Cossack is, that I consider it well to take this opportunity of explaining. In old times, when the struggle above mentioned was still going on, it was necessary to keep always a large number of light irregular troops on the southern frontier in order to protect the sedentary population against the raids of the nomadic Tartars. These troops were recruited sometimes in the usual way and sometimes by sending to the frontier the inmates of the jails, and the name Cossack was commonly applied to them. But these were not the Cossacks best known to history and romance. The genuine "free Cossacks" lived beyond the frontier and possessed a certain military organization, which enabled them not only to defend themselves against the Tartars but even to make raids on Tartar territory and repay in some measure the barbarities which the Tartars committed in Russia. Each one of the rivers flowing southwards—the Dnieper, the Don, the Volga, the Yaik or Ural—was held by a band of these free Cossacks, and no one, whether Russian or Tartar, was allowed to pass through their territory without their permission. Officially they were Russians, professed champions of orthodoxy, and loyal subjects of the tsar, but in reality they were something different. Though they were Russian by origin, language, and sympathy, the habit of kidnapping Tartar women introduced a certain mixture of Tartar blood. Though professed champions of orthodoxy, they troubled themselves very little with religion and did not submit to the ecclesiastical authorities. Their political status cannot be easily defined. Though they professed allegiance and devotion to the tsar, they did not think it necessary to obey him, except in so far as his orders suited their own convenience. And the tsar, it must be confessed, acted towards them in a similar fashion. When the tsar found it convenient, he called them his faithful subjects; and when complaints were made to him about their raids into Turkish territory, he declared that they were runaways and brigands, and that the sultan might punish them as he thought fit. At the same time, however, even when they were declared to be brigands, they regularly received ammu-

dition and supplies from Moscow, as is amply proved by recently published documents.

The most celebrated of these strange military communities were the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Cossacks of the Don, which differed considerably from each other in their organization. The former had a fortified camp on an island in the Dnieper, and here a large number of them led a purely military life, somewhat after the manner of the military orders in the time of the Crusades. Each *kurén*, or company, had a common table and common sleeping-apartment, and women were strictly excluded from the fortified inclosure. The latter—those of the Don—had no permanent camp of this kind, and assembled merely as circumstances demanded. But the two communities had much in common. Both were organized on democratic principles, and chose their officers by popular election. Both were ever ready to make a raid on Turkish territory with or without a pretext. Both sent forth occasionally fleets of small boats which swept the Black Sea, devastated the coasts, and sometimes took towns by storm, precisely as the Normans did in western Europe during the ninth century.

These various Cossack communities had not all the same fate. The Cossacks of the Dnieper were forcibly disbanded by Catherine II., and in part transferred to the north bank of the Kubán, where for several generations, under the name of Black-Sea Cossacks, they guarded the frontier and kept up an incessant border warfare with the turbulent tribes of the Caucasus. The Cossacks of the Volga disappeared without leaving a trace. Those of the Don and the Ural were gradually transformed into irregular troops, and they still fulfil this function at the present day. The final results of the colonization in the northern and southern regions have been as different as the modes in which it was effected. In the north, the Russians have to a great extent assimilated and absorbed the native population; in the south, on the contrary, the native population has been simply held in subjection or driven out. The explanation of this interesting fact may perhaps throw some light on certain dark historical problems.

The chief obstacles to the amalgamation of two contiguous races living under the same government are partly economic and partly intellectual; in other words, the obstacles lie partly in the mode of life, and partly in the fundamental, hereditary intellectual conceptions or religious beliefs

and observances. In the northern region the Russian colonists found a population in the same stage of economic development as themselves. The Finnish tribes were already agriculturists, and possessed a superabundance of land. They had therefore no reasonable motive for opposing the mode of colonization, and the colonists could settle amongst them almost unperceived. Thus the first step towards amalgamation was effected.

In the south, on the contrary, the native races were still pastoral nomads, that is to say, they were in a lower stage of economic development than the colonists, and the natural consequence of this was a war of extermination between the two races, such as that which has been going on for generations in America between the Redskins and the white settlers. Nomadic tribes have always a strong tendency to attack a neighboring sedentary population. Their love of booty urges them to make raids, especially if they have at their back a convenient market for the sale of slaves. Besides this, the simple instinct of self-defence compels them to resist the advance of the settlers, for extension of the area of agriculture means a diminution of the pasturage and of the flocks. There is a curious illustration of this in the history of the Don Cossacks. When they lived by sheep-farming and pillage they prohibited agriculture under pain of death. The prohibition is commonly explained by a supposed desire to preserve the warlike spirit of the community, but this explanation seems to me much too ingenious to be true. The reason, in my opinion, was simply this: the man who ploughed up a bit of land infringed thereby on his neighbors' rights of pasturage.

The struggle between an agricultural and pastoral race may be long and bloody, but the final result is never doubtful. The agriculturists are, for reasons which I may at some future time explain, invariably the victors in the long run. The nomads must gradually retreat, and when further retreat becomes impossible they must change their mode of life under pain of extermination. All this has been fully illustrated in the history of Russian colonization. The nomadic tribes have been forced to emigrate, or have been driven to the outlying corners of the empire. And even there they are not left in peace. The area of agriculture is steadily and surely widening, and soon there will be no longer land enough to allow of purely pastoral life. In some of the tribes I have myself witnessed the first attempts at tilling the soil.

Even if these Tartar tribes had been agriculturists they would not have amalgamated with the ever-advancing Russian colonists, for there was another and equally serious obstacle to amalgamation: the Russians were Christians and the Tartars were Mahometans. Any one who has lived on friendly terms with Mahometans, must have noticed that they are utterly inaccessible to the influence of Christianity. They are proud of their Mahometanism, and look down upon Christians as polytheists. "We have," they say, "but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. You too believe in God, and you had a great prophet in Christ, whom we also respect, but you deified your prophet, and you added a third God, we know not whence. You say that your prophet is the equal of Allah. Far from us be such blasphemy!" The truth is that Mahometanism is, like Christianity itself, a monotheistic religion, possessing a doctrinal theology and an organized priesthood. Any religion which possesses these requisites is pretty certain to withstand the proselytizing tendencies of other faiths. This may perhaps be best illustrated by explaining how the Finnish tribes, who did not possess a religion of this kind, were imperceptibly Christianized.

The old Finnish religions, if we may judge of them by the fragments which still exist, had like the people themselves, a thoroughly practical, prosaic character. The theology consisted not of abstract dogmas logically coördinated and subordinated, but of simple prescriptions for insuring material well-being. At the present day, in the districts which have not yet been Russified, the prayers are merely plain, unadorned requests for a good harvest, plenty of cattle, and the like. Some of the worshippers — at least, among the Tcheremiss — have, since falling under Russian domination, acquired the habit of adding a petition for money to pay their taxes. The ceremonies usually employed are for the most part magical rites, which are supposed to avert the influence of malicious spirits. The Tchuvash use, besides these, certain ceremonies for the purpose of freeing themselves from the unwelcome visits of their departed relatives, and here the practical, common-sense character of the people comes out in a striking way. Instead of indulging in mystic rites, they simply place near the graves a plentiful supply of food, and pious souls believe that this is even during the night, not by the village dogs, but by the famished spirits. This is, be it parenthetically re-

marked, a more humane way of laying ghosts than the habit of erecting tombstones — a custom which, perhaps, had originally the same intention.

Such a religion presented no obstacle to the gradual reception of Christianity — especially the Christianity of the Greek Orthodox Church. If Yumala and the other good deities did not send plentiful harvests, it was surely prudent to ask the additional help of the Madonna or "the Russian God." If the ordinary magic rites and incantations did not suffice for warding off the pernicious influence of evil spirits, why not adopt the custom of making the sign of the cross, which the Russians use effectually in moments of danger? Even formal admission into the Church by the sacrament of baptism did not awaken any resistance or fanaticism in their simple minds — at least during the summer months. The religious significance of the ceremony entirely escaped them, and they must have had great difficulty in explaining to themselves why the Russian authorities should reward them with a shirt and a rouble for simply submitting to be bathed. Many of them, however, did not trouble themselves with such abstruse questions, and presented themselves a second and a third time in view of the promised reward. Sometimes the missionary work was undertaken by men imbued with the true missionary spirit, and in these cases an attempt was made to convey a certain amount of religious instruction; but more frequently it was entrusted to ecclesiastical officials or officers of rural police, who merely counted the number of the converts.

This simple-minded, religious eclecticism produced the most singular mixtures of Christianity and paganism. At the harvest festival Tchuvash peasants have been known to pray first to their old deities and afterwards to the "Russian God" and "the god Nicholas" — Nicholas, the miracle-worker, being the favorite saint of the Russian peasantry. Sometimes the *yom-zy* — half-magicians, half-priests — recommend their believers to try the effect of a prayer to the Christian deities, in which case the invocation may be couched in some such familiar terms as the following: "Look here, O Nicholas-god. Perhaps my neighbor, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If so, don't listen to him. I have done him no ill and wish him none. He himself is a worthless boaster and a babler, and does not really honor you, but merely plays the hypocrite. I, on the con-

trary, honor you, and, behold, I place a taper before you." Occasionally the mixture of the two religions is of a still more wonderful kind. I know of one case, for instance, where a Tcheremiss, in consequence of a serious illness, sacrificed a young foal to Our Lady of Kazan!

These few facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, will be sufficient to show how Greek orthodoxy glided gradually into the Finnish tribes without producing any intellectual revolution in the minds of the converts. And Greek orthodoxy, it must be remembered, is in this matter equivalent to Russian nationality. Community of religion leads naturally to intermarriage, and intermarriage to the complete blending of the two nationalities. In very many villages in the northern half of Russia, it is impossible to say whether the inhabitants are Finnish or Slavonic. This process of Russification could not take place among the Mahometans, who have a doctrinal religion and a regularly organized priesthood. Even those Mahometans who are agriculturists and settled in villages, have remained unaffected by Russian influence. I know villages where one half of the population is Christian and the other half is Mahometan, and in all of them the two races have remained perfectly separate. It must not be supposed, however, that they live at enmity with each other. Though they live apart, each race preserving scrupulously its own faith and customs, they are inspired with no aggressive fanaticism, and coöperate in all communal matters as if no difference of race or religion existed between them. Sometimes they elect as village elder a Christian, sometimes a Mahometan, and the village assembly never thinks of raising religious questions. I know of one instance in the province of Samara, where the Mahometan peasants voluntarily assisted their Christian fellow-villagers in transporting wood for repairing the parish church. Thus, we see, under a tolerably good administration Mahometan Tartars and Christian Slavs can live peaceably together in the same village community.

I have hitherto represented this eastward expansion of Russia as a purely spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. This is a true but at the same time an imperfect representation of the phenomenon. Though the initiative unquestionably came from the people, urged on by economic wants, the government played an important part in the movement. In early times, when Russia was merely a

conglomeration of independent principalities, the princes were all under a moral and political obligation to protect their subjects, and when the grand princes of Moscow in the fifteenth century united the numerous principalities under their own sceptre and proclaimed themselves tsars, this obligation devolved upon them. In the north the obligation was easily fulfilled. A few military stations, separated at great distances from each other, sufficed to maintain order, and even those after a certain time ceased to be necessary. In the south, on the contrary, the task was one of great difficulty. There the agricultural population had to be protected along a frontier of enormous length, lying open at all points to the incursions of nomadic tribes. It was not enough to keep up a military cordon to prevent the raids of small marauding parties. The nomads often came in enormous hordes which could be successfully resisted only by large armies. And sometimes the whole military strength of the country was insufficient to resist the invaders. Again and again during the thirteenth and fourteenth century Tartar hordes swept over the country, burning the towns and villages — Kief and Moscow among the number — and spreading devastation wherever they appeared. For more than two centuries the whole country formed part of the Mongol empire, and had to pay a heavy yearly tribute to the khan. Under these circumstances the government could not remain inactive. It had not only to protect its subjects, but also to maintain its political independence; and those objects could only be attained by constantly pushing forward the frontier.

At the present time our public seem unable to understand why the Russian frontier should be continually moved forward, and habitually attribute the fact to Russia's insatiable desire for territorial aggrandizement. They appear to imagine that the tsar might any morning say to his minister, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" and that all difficulties would be thereby satisfactorily solved. This view is not likely to be held by any one who has lived near a frontier such as that which Russia formerly possessed in Europe, and still possesses in Central Asia. To protect effectually such a frontier without interfering in any way with those who live immediately beyond it, one of two expedients must be adopted: either a great wall must be built, or military colonies must be planted at short distances apart, and military patrols constantly kept



up between them. The former of these expedients, though adopted with some success by the Romans in Britain, and by the Chinese on their north-western frontier, is of course not to be thought of. The latter, which was adopted by Russia against the Circassians and other marauding tribes of the Caucasus, is scarcely more feasible. This military line, stretching from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian, was comparatively short, and ran through a well-watered and extremely fertile country; and yet it demanded an enormous expenditure of men and money, and was only very partially effectual. In spite of all precautions, bands of marauders broke through the lines and too often returned unpunished and laden with booty. After many years of experience the Russians found that the only way of preventing these incursions was to settle the marauding tribes in villages over which a strict supervision could be exercised. If this system of military colonies thus proved enormously expensive and very ineffectual in the country to the north of the Caucasus, we can easily imagine how difficult it would be to realize it fully in central Asia, where the frontier is incomparably longer and in many parts utterly unfit for agricultural colonization. Nomadic tribes can be made to keep peace only when they know that they may be attacked and punished for their own territory, and that there is no asylum to which they can flee.

From all this it is evident that the idea of a neutral zone between the Russian and British frontiers in Asia is an absurdity, fit only to amuse diplomatists, and unworthy of being entertained by practical statesmen, unless indeed it were possible to find a broad uninhabited zone which would serve the same purpose as the Great Wall of China. If it be habitable, it will inevitably become an asylum for all the robbers and lawless spirits within a radius of many hundred miles, and no civilized power can reasonably be expected to accept such neighbors. If such a zone had been established, Russia might justly have spoken to England in this fashion: "I object to have at my door this refuge for rascality. Either you must preserve order amongst the inmates, or allow me to do so."

"Where then," asks the alarmed Russophobist, "is Russian aggression to stop? Must we allow her to push her frontier forward to our own, and thus expose ourselves to all those conflicts which inevitably arise between nations that possess contiguous territory?" To this

I reply, that Russia must push forward her frontier until she reaches a country possessing a government which is able and willing to keep order within its borders, and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbors. As none of the petty states of central Asia seems capable of permanently fulfilling this condition, it is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers will one day meet. Where they will meet depends upon ourselves. If we do not wish her to overstep a certain line, we must ourselves advance to that line. As to the complications which inevitably arise between contiguous nations, I think they are fewer and less dangerous than those which arise between nations separated by a small state incapable of making its neutrality respected, and kept alive simply by the mutual jealousy of its neighbors. Germany does not periodically go to war with Holland or Russia, though separated from them by a mere artificial frontier; and France has never been prevented from going to war with Austria, though separated from her by a broad intervening territory. The old theory that the great powers may be prevented from going to war by interposing small independent states between them, is long since exploded; and even if it were true, it would be inapplicable in the case under consideration, for there is nothing worthy to be called a state between Russian territory and British India.

In consequence of the active part which the government has thus taken in the extension of the territory, it has frequently happened that the process of political expansion got greatly ahead of the colonization. After the Turkish wars and consequent annexations in the time of Catherine II., a great part of southern Russia was almost uninhabited, and the deficiency of population had to be corrected by organized emigration. The Russian diplomatic agents in western Europe were ordered to use all possible efforts to induce artisans and peasants to emigrate to Russia, and special agents were sent to various countries for the same purpose. Thousands accepted the invitation, and were for the most part settled on the territory which had formerly been the pasture-ground of the nomadic hordes. This policy was adopted by succeeding sovereigns, and has been continued in an intermittent fashion down to the present time. The emigrants thus collected, together with the other inhabitants, now form an ethnographical conglomeration

such as is to be found nowhere else in the Old World. The official statistics of New Russia alone — that is to say the provinces of Ekaterinoslaw, Tauride, Kherson, and Bessarabia, enumerate the following nationalities: Great Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Servians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Germans, Swedes, Swiss, French, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars, Mordva, Jews, and Gypsies. The religions are almost equally numerous. The statistics speak of Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Gregorians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, Menonites, Separatists, Pietists, Karaïm Jews, Talmudists, Mahometans, and numerous purely Russian sects such as the Molokani and the Skoptsi. America herself could scarcely show a more motley list in her statistics of population; it must, however, be admitted, that the above enumeration does not convey a correct idea of the actual population. The great body of the population is Russian and orthodox, whilst many of the nationalities are represented only by a small number of souls. Of the colonists of foreign nationality, by far the most numerous and prosperous are the German Menonites, and by far the least prosperous are the Jews. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a Menonite and a Jewish colony. In the former we find large, well-built houses, well-stocked gardens, fine, strong horses, fat cattle, agricultural implements adapted to the local conditions, and there is in general an air of prosperity, comfort, and contentment; in the latter we are too often reminded of the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet. The other colonists must be placed between these two extremes. The ordinary Germans and the Bulgarians approach the former type, whilst the Tartar-speaking Greeks approach more nearly to the latter.

As Scandinavia was formerly called *officina gentium* — a foundry in which new nations were cast — so we may call southern Russia a crucible in which the fragments of old nations are being melted down so as to form a new and composite whole. The melting, however, proceeds slowly. If I may judge from my own observation I should say that national peculiarities are not obliterated so rapidly in Russia as in America or in British colonies. In America, for instance, I have often seen Germans who have been but a short time in the country, trying hard to be more American than the natives, but among the German colonists in

Russia I have never witnessed anything of the kind. Though their fathers and grandfathers may have been born in the country, they look down on the Russian peasants, fear the officials, preserve jealously their own language, rarely or never speak Russian well, and intermarry among themselves. The Russian influence acts more rapidly, however, on the Slavonic colonists — Servians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins — who profess the Greek Orthodox faith, learn more easily the Russian language, have no consciousness of belonging to a *Culturvolk*, and in general possess a nature much more pliable than the Teutonic.

In the Asiatic part of Russia, where the frontier has always been pushed forward more easily and more rapidly than in Europe, there are still at the present day vast territories almost entirely uninhabited. Some of these are by the nature of their soil and climate unfitted for agriculture in its primitive forms, and could not be made available without the expenditure of enormous sums for irrigation; others are well adapted for agriculture and are already being colonized. On the whole, the Russians have in this part of the empire much more land than they can possibly utilize, and the possession of it must for a long time to come be a serious burden on the national exchequer.

If we turn now from the east to the west we shall find that the expansion in this direction was of an entirely different kind. The country lying to the west of the early Russo-Slavonian settlements had a poor soil and a comparatively dense population, and consequently held out no inducements to emigration. Besides this, it was inhabited by warlike agricultural races, who not only were capable of defending their own territory, but were strongly disposed to make encroachments on their eastern neighbors. Russian expansion to the westward was, therefore, not at all a spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. The annexed provinces are still inhabited by foreign races, and still by no means socially Russianized. Poland, Lithuania, the Baltic provinces, and Finland are Russian merely in the political sense of the term, and their annexation was effected by diplomacy based on military force. It must, however, be admitted that if national self-preservation forms a valid plea for aggressive conquest, Russian expansion in this direction has a certain historical justification.

No sooner had Russia freed herself in

the fifteenth century from the Tartar yoke than her political independence, and even her national existence, were threatened from the west. Her western neighbors were, like herself, animated by that national tendency to expansion which I have above described, and for a time it seemed doubtful who should ultimately possess that vast level tract of country which is now known as the Russian Empire. The two chief competitors in the sixteenth century were the tsars of Muscovy on the one hand, and the kings of Poland and Lithuania on the other. For some time the latter seemed to have the better chance. In close relations with western Europe, they had been able to adopt many of the improvements which had been recently made in the art of war, and with the help of the free Cossacks of the south they succeeded in overrunning the country. But when they attempted to accomplish their purpose in a too hasty and reckless fashion, they raised a storm of popular fanaticism which ultimately drove them out. Still the country was in a very precarious position, and its more intelligent rulers perceived plainly that, in order to carry on the struggle successfully, they must import something of that western civilization which gave such an advantage to their opponents. This was, however, no easy matter, for they had no direct, easy channel of communication with the west. In the year 1553 an English navigator, whilst seeking for a short route to China and India, had accidentally discovered the port of Arkangel on the White Sea, and since that time the tsars had kept up an intermittent diplomatic and commercial intercourse with England. But this route was at all times tedious and dangerous, and during a great part of the year it was completely closed. All attempts to import "cunning foreign artificers" by way of the Baltic were frustrated by the Livonian order who at that time held the east coast, and who considered, like certain people on the coast of Africa at the present day, that the barbarous natives of the interior ought not to be supplied with arms and ammunition. Under these circumstances, the possession of the Baltic coast naturally became a prime object of Russian ambition.

For the possession of this prize there were other two competitors, Poland and Sweden. Russia was inferior to these rivals in the art of war, but she had one immense advantage over them. Whilst they were torn and weakened by political factions, she possessed a strong, stable

government, and could easily concentrate her efforts for a definite purpose. All that she needed was an army on the European model. Peter the Great created such an army and won the prize. After this the political disintegration of Poland proceeded still more rapidly, and when that unhappy country was broken in pieces Russia naturally took for herself the lion's share of the spoil.

The following table shows the rapid expansion of Russia from the time when Ivan III. united the independent principalities and threw off the Tartar yoke, down to the accession of Peter the Great, in 1682:—

In 1505 the tsardom of Muscovy contained			
about	.	.	37,000 square miles
" 1533	.	.	47,000 "
" 1584	.	.	125,000 "
" 1598	.	.	157,000 "
" 1676	.	.	257,000 "
" 1682	.	.	265,000 "

Of these two hundred and sixty-five thousand square miles about eighty thousand were in Europe, and about one hundred and eighty-five thousand in Asia. Peter the Great, though famous as a conqueror, did not annex nearly so much territory as many of his predecessors and successors. At his death, in 1725, the empire contained, in round numbers, eighty-two thousand square miles in Europe, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand in Asia. The following table shows the further expansion:—

	In Europe and the Caucasus. sq. miles.	In Asia. sq. miles.
In 1725 the Russian Empire contained about .	82,000	193,000
" 1770 . . . .	84,000	210,000
" 1800 . . . .	95,000	210,000
" 1825 . . . .	105,000	210,000
" 1855 . . . .	106,663	245,000
" 1867 . . . .	106,951	248,470

In this table is not included the territory in the north-west of America — containing about 24,210 square miles — which was annexed to Russia in 1799, and ceded to the United States in 1867. Regarding the amount of territory acquired by Russia in central Asia since 1867, I do not at present possess any statistical data.

When once Russia has laid hold of territory she does not readily relax her grasp. She has, however, since the death of Peter the Great, on four occasions ceded territory which she had formerly annexed. In 1729 she ceded Mazanderan and Astabad to Persia; in 1735 she ceded to the

same power that part of the Caucasus which lies to the south of Terek; in 1856, by the treaty of Paris, she gave up the mouths of the Danube and part of Bessarabia; and in 1867 she sold to the United States her American possessions.

So much for the past. Let us now consider the probable future expansion—a subject that has a peculiar interest at the present time. It will be well to begin with the simpler, and proceed gradually to the more difficult, parts of the problem.

Towards the west and the north Russia has neither the ability nor the desire to push forward her actual frontiers. Towards the north expansion is physically impossible until new habitable lands in the polar regions be discovered, and westward expansion is almost as unlikely. By the conquest of Finland in 1809, Russia obtained what may be called her natural frontier on the north-west, and it is scarcely conceivable that she should desire to annex any part of northern Scandinavia. In the direction of Germany conquest is neither desirable nor possible. Russia cannot desire to have a disaffected German population on her western frontier, and if she did desire it, she could not realize her wish, for Germany is strong enough to defend her own territory.

Towards the east and south-east the problem is by no means so simple. The recent sale of the American territory may be taken as a conclusive proof that Russia has wisely determined to remain on this side of Behring's Straits; and though she may covet certain islands of the Japanese group, there is little chance of her obtaining them. She has, it is true, recently annexed Sagalien—or more properly Sakhalin—which lies near the Amoor territory, and formerly belonged to Japan; but this acquisition, except for the purpose of a penal settlement, is a burden rather than an advantage, and any further advance in this direction can be easily stopped. Encroachments on the Chinese Empire could not be so easily prevented. How and when they will be made, must depend to a great extent on the Chinese government. Russia already possesses near the Chinese frontier far more territory than she can possibly utilize for many years to come, and, therefore, she has no inducement to annex new land in this region, provided the Chinese prevent their subjects from committing depredations. It may happen, however, that China will be unable to fulfil her police duties towards her neighbors, and in that case it is not at all un-

likely that Russia may find annexation less expensive than the maintenance of a strong military cordon. When land is required for agricultural colonization, the tendency to encroach is always, *ceteris paribus*, in the inverse ratio to the density of population, for where the inhabitants are scarce, the land is more plentiful and less exhausted by cultivation. Where, on the contrary, land is not required for cultivation, as on the Chinese frontier, the temptation to annex new territory is always directly proportionate to the density of population. An uninhabited territory not required for colonization is simply a burden, for it necessitates expenditure and gives no revenue; whereas a territory with a tolerably dense population furnishes new tax-payers and new markets for the national industry, and thereby compensates, or more than compensates, for the expenses of administration. If the vague accounts of the inordinate density of population in China be correct, Russia has less reason to restrain her expansive tendency in that direction.

With regard to the new markets for the national industry, it may be well to insert here a few words. Russia aspires to become, not only the greatest of military powers, but also a great industrial and commercial nation, and she firmly believes that by means of her great natural resources and the enterprising character of her people, she will succeed in realizing this aspiration. Herein lies a permanent source of enmity towards England. England is at the present time like a great manufacturer who has outstripped his rivals, and has awakened in the breasts of many of them a considerable amount of jealousy and hatred. By means of her ruthless "*politique d'exploitation*," it is said, she has become the great blood-sucker of all less advanced nations. Fearing no competition, we preach the invidious principles of free trade, and deluge foreign countries with our manufactures to such an extent that native industries are inevitably overwhelmed, unless saved by the beneficent power of protective tariffs. In short, foreign nations in general—and some of our own colonies in the number—have adopted, in no friendly spirit, the theory quaintly expressed by the old poet, Waller:—

Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims;  
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,  
We plough the deep, and reap where others  
sow!

In no country are these ideas more fre-

quently expressed than in Russia. As revolutionary politicians when in opposition systematically attack all restrictions on the liberty of the press, and systematically oppose these restrictions for their own benefit as soon as they come into power, so the Russians habitually assail with impassioned rhetoric our commercial and industrial supremacy, and at the same time habitually seek to emulate it. The means they employ, however, are different from ours. Knowing that free competition and "the ridiculous principles of free trade" would inevitably lead to defeat in the struggle, they raise, wherever their dominion extends, a strong barrier of protective tariffs. In this way they protect their newly adopted subjects from the heartless exploitation of England, and consign them to the tender mercies of the manufacturers of Moscow and St. Petersburg. By a mysterious logical process, which foreigners—and also, it must be added, many intelligent Russians—are unable to understand, it is satisfactorily proved that the economic influence of Moscow, which sells dear, is infinitely less baneful and burdensome for the native populations than that of Manchester, which sells cheap!

Whatever we may think of this logical process, it is quite certain that Russia will not abolish her protective tariff, and therefore we must take into consideration her zeal to support commercial interests, in endeavoring to estimate her expansive tendencies. As her industry is still insufficient to supply her actual wants, she will certainly not, for the present at least, annex new territory for the simple purpose of obtaining new markets; but even at present, whenever she happens to have other reasons for widening her borders, the idea of acquiring new markets may act as a subsidiary incentive. We saw lately an instance of this in the Khiva expedition. If the khan had conscientiously fulfilled his international obligations, the expedition would not have been undertaken; but when the expedition was successful, certain clauses in the convention showed that Russia was not unmindful of her commercial interests. Wherever the Russian frontier advances, the possible area of British commerce will be diminished, and the advance of the frontier in the direction of India depends, as I have already explained, on ourselves. Sooner or later the Russian custom-houses, with their protective tariffs, will be within gunshot of our sentries.

Proceeding westward from Afghanistan,

we come to a district where Russian aggression is perhaps more imminent than is commonly supposed: I mean the northern provinces of Persia. Russia already holds undisputed sway on the Caspian, and might easily appropriate any part of the territory near the coast. As I am not aware, however, that she has at present any particular reason for extending her dominion in this direction, we may at once pass to the region towards which the eyes of Europe are at this moment directed.

The aggressive tendencies of the Russians in the direction of Constantinople are nearly as old as the Russian nationality, and much older than the Russian empire. The Russo-Slavonians, who held the valley of the Dnieper from the ninth to the thirteenth century, were one of those numerous border tribes which the decrepit Byzantine empire attempted to ward off by diplomacy and rich gifts, and by giving daughters of the Imperial family as brides to the troublesome chiefs, on condition of accepting Christianity. Vladimir, prince of Kiev, accepted Christianity in this way, and his subjects followed his example. Russia thus became ecclesiastically a part of the Byzantine patriarchate, and the people learned to regard Tsargrad—as the Imperial city is still called by the peasantry—with peculiar veneration.

In the fifteenth century, the relative positions of Constantinople and Moscow were changed. Constantinople fell under the power of the Turks, whilst Moscow threw off the yoke of the Tartars. The grand prince of Moscow and of all Russia thereby became the chief protector of the Greek Orthodox Church, and in some sort successor to the Byzantine tsars. To strengthen this claim, he married a member of the old Imperial family, and his grandson went a step further in the same direction by assuming the title of tsar and inventing a fable about Rurik, the founder of the Russian dynasty, being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus.

All this would seem to a lawyer a very shadowy title, and it must be added that none of the Russian monarchs—except perhaps Catherine II., who formed the fantastic project of resuscitating the Byzantine Empire, and caused one of her grandsons to learn modern Greek in view of the high destiny that awaited him—ever seriously thought of claiming the imaginary heritage; but the idea that the tsar may some day take Tsargrad and drive out the infidel usurper, has become deeply rooted in the minds of the common



people. As soon as disturbances break out in the east, the Russian peasantry begin to think that perhaps the time has come when a crusade will be undertaken for the recovery of the holy city on the Bosphorus, and for the liberation of their brethren in the faith who now groan under Turkish bondage. I do not at all mean to imply that such a crusade is desired. The Russian peasant's desires are generally confined to the sphere of his material interests, and he strongly dislikes all war, unless he hopes thereby to acquire new fertile land, because it takes him away from his peaceful occupations. Still, if he found that a crusade was undertaken and that he could not easily avoid the conscription, it would be easy to awaken in him a certain amount of enthusiasm. As to the bands of Russian volunteers of which we at present hear so much, I venture to predict that, if they ever acquire an objective existence, they will contain very few peasants. The conceptions, sympathies, and aspirations of the educated classes are of a different kind and derived from a different source.

After the fall of the first Napoleonic empire, a violent popular reaction took place all over Europe in favor of national independence and republican institutions; and the discoveries of comparative philologists, together with other influences, suggested to political theorists certain grand confederations of peoples founded on ethnological distinctions. All the existing political units would, it was thought, group themselves into three categories, the Romanic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic; and the principle of political federation, whilst satisfying the demands of ethnology, would leave to the individual nations a sufficient amount of local autonomy. I have already made too large demands on the reader's patience to enter here on a description of the development of these ideas and of their influence in Russia. Suffice it to say that they supplied to the Russian educated classes new motives for sympathy with the Slavonic populations of Turkey and Austria, already bound to them by community of religion.

We must bear these facts in mind, if we would understand the present state of public opinion in Russia. Englishmen are too prone to suppose that Russian sympathy with the Slavs is merely a thinly disguised desire to gain possession of Constantinople. This supposition is not only uncharitable but unjust. The recent accounts of Turkish atrocities have awakened in Russia, as amongst ourselves, genu-

ine feelings of indignation against the oppressors and sympathy with the oppressed; and in Russia these reports have fallen on much more inflammable material. Russians know much better than we do the oppressive character of ordinary Turkish misrule, and they have at the same time religious and political sympathies with the Slavs, which we do not possess and can with difficulty comprehend. The acquisition of Constantinople is generally regarded by Russians as simply a possible contingency of the distant future, and this possibility has little or nothing to do with the present excited state of public opinion.

Still it must be admitted that this excitement, whatever be the real cause of it, actually exists, and may produce armed intervention, which might possibly lead to annexation of territory. But the policy of the government depends entirely on the tsar's personal decision. Now what is his personal decision likely to be? As a Russian surrounded by Russians, he naturally sympathizes with the Slavs, and as tsar he must desire to retain their sympathy and good-will; but all we know about his personal character militates against the supposition that he will endeavor to take the matter into his own hands and cut the difficulty with the sword. Of a naturally pacific disposition, he is free from all military ambition. His phlegmatic temperament, and his strong, sober common sense, render him impervious to the seductive suggestions of panslavists and other political dreamers. Even if his ambition were much greater than it is, it would be amply satisfied by the important part which he has already played in the history of his country. In the course of a few years he emancipated forty millions of serfs, reformed the imperial administration, created a new system of local self-government, covered the country with a vast network of railways, replaced the old rotten judicial organization by new courts with public procedure, and effected many other valuable reforms. These great enterprises have been on the whole successful, but there has been enough of failure to dispel many youthful illusions, and to teach the important lesson that a tsar, though he may be autocratic, is not omnipotent even within the limits of his own empire.

As to distant future possibilities it would be hazardous to speculate. Very many Russians firmly believe that the natural and irresistible course of events will sooner or later transform the Black Sea

into a Russian lake, and perhaps some future tsar may attempt to realize at once what is supposed to be the will of fate. For the present, however—though Russia would very much like to hold the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and would certainly not allow any strong power to take possession of this outlet to the Mediterranean—there is, I believe no desire either in the people or in the government to accelerate by war the so-called natural course of events. Alexander II. has already done much in the interests of peace, and shows no signs of changing his policy. Perhaps Great Britain would play more effectually her part of peacemaker, if her statesmen would, without relaxing their vigilance, think a little less about petty diplomatic triumphs, and show a little more confidence in the pacific intentions of the tsar. D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

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From Chambers' Journal.

NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE  
"STRATHMORE."

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

THE "Strathmore" was an iron vessel of one thousand four hundred and ninety-two tons, and acknowledged to be as fine a ship of her class as ever left the port of London. Her commander, Captain Macdonald, besides being a worthy man, was an experienced and careful seaman. His first officer, Mr. Ramsay, was also a sailor of the right type; but of the crew, generally, that could not be said, although there were some good men among them. We mustered a crew of thirty-eight, men and boys; passengers of the three classes, fifty-one; in all, eighty-nine souls. This was the clipper's first voyage, and our destination was Otago, New Zealand. The ship's cargo was principally railway iron; but along with other things we had candles and spirits, and a still more inflammable item, immediately to be mentioned. We left the docks on the 17th of April, 1875, and dropped down the river below Gravesend to complete our cargo, by taking aboard twenty tons of gunpowder, which having been stored, all the arrangements for sailing were complete; and, heaving anchor, we bade farewell to England about midnight of the 19th of April.

We got very pleasantly out of the Channel, and, owing to the course we steered, we in a great measure avoided that landsman's terror, the swell of the Bay of Biscay. A head-wind now came on, which

continued for a fortnight, driving us right across towards America. When that had ceased we had a fair wind, but so slight that at times we did not make more than a quarter of a mile an hour. After a time more fitting breezes blew; we had now somewhat settled down to life on board ship, the weather had become exceedingly hot, and we betook ourselves to such light amusements as suited the temperature; some to reading, some to whist and backgammon, others "spinning" or listening to a yarn.

I and three friends occupied one cabin; Fred Bentley, and two brothers, Percy and Spencer Joslen. Our meals were always welcome, agreeably breaking the monotony of life at sea. When we had been out about ten days the routine was rather unpleasantly varied by the discovery that the crew had broken into the cargo and abstracted a couple of cases of spirits. This might not have been so soon found out, had the knaves not got so helplessly drunk that they were incapable of work. For a day or two they were insubordinate, and the passengers had to assist in working the ship. This matter, however, blew over, and things fell into the ordinary course. So reckless were these men that they were seen (as we afterwards learned from a third-class passenger) in the vicinity of the gunpowder with a naked candle!

On the 20th of May we had a thunderstorm so terrific, that from its exciting effects some of the ladies were confined to their berths nearly all next day. To me and my companions it was a scene grander of the kind than we had ever witnessed in our northern latitudes. No ordinary language could describe it.

On the following day, May 21st, we were hailed by the "Loch Maree," homeward bound, and short of provisions; latitude 4° 20m. north. Our captain having supplied this ship with such stores as he could spare, we sent letters home by her. We were spoken by the "Borealis" on the 27th of May, and for the last time by the "Melpomene" on the 8th of June. We had this vessel in sight for two days.

Passing over the amusements incidental to crossing the line, nothing of importance occurred while proceeding in a southeasterly direction, till we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and got fairly into the Southern Ocean. This vast expanse of sea, between latitude 40° and 50°, is dotted with several groups of small desolate islands, requiring to be shunned with all the care of the navigator. At mid-day of the 30th June we were eighty-seven

miles from one of these dangerous groups, called the Crozet Islands; and running at the rate of six knots an hour, we expected them to be in sight by next morning, the 1st of July. A good look-out was kept. But two circumstances baffled every precaution. There was an error in the compass,\* and a fog settled down on the horizon; the result being that the captain believed we were ten or fifteen miles farther south than we really were. Hence the dreadful fatality that ensued. At a quarter before four in the morning of the 1st July, when in my berth, I felt the ship strike on one of these wretched Crozet Islands. I hurriedly dressed, and my friend Bentley went to warn the ladies, whom he already found up and hastily attired. The ship had got wedged in a cleft in the rock. This, our partial escape from destruction, appeared to us little short of a miracle, for had she struck a few feet on either side, our ship, good though she was, must inevitably at once have gone down. She hung by the forepart, with a list to starboard, her stern being submerged in deep water.

Bentley and I with others made for the port-quarter boat, but we could not get it off the davits, as a sea broke over us and washed us forward to the hand-rail of the poop. All from the poop forward was now rapidly getting under water to midship. The captain, seemingly greatly distressed, yet with characteristic disregard of self, gave orders as to the boats, directing that the women should be looked to first; his chief officer, Mr. Ramsay, another fine fellow, also doing all that was possible in the short time left to them. Unhappily for them and for us, the second or third wave that washed over the ship carried away these good men, all of whom were respected and lamented. A number of the people got into the port lifeboat, including Mrs. Wordsworth (the only lady saved), and Messrs. Bentley and Spencer Joslen. A sea came and took this boat off the chocks. She fell back and partly stove in her bottom, but rose and floated across the poop, and finally left the ship, to the wonder of every one, without capsizing. It was in endeavoring to leap into this boat that our poor friend Percy Joslen was lost. The gig, with others of the crew and passengers, followed in charge of the

second mate; and after her the dinghey in charge of the third mate, about nine o'clock A.M.

To resume my personal experience. The boats left us going towards the rocks, which we saw in front of us about one hundred yards off, rising like a wall several hundreds of feet out of the water. I should have mentioned that, for the time, having parted company with Bentley, I, to save myself, took to the mizzen rigging. There I remained with others until day-break, by which time the ship had gone under water, all but the fore-castle head. On day breaking, I got along the mizzen top-gallant stay to the mainmast; and from there, down the mainstay, to the roof of the deckhouse. There was a heavy swell, but every wave did not break over us. Several others scrambled to the same place. We then went on to the fore-castle.

Late in the afternoon the gig returned and took away five passengers whom we had not before seen, and who had been clinging to the mizzen-top. They went off, and we were left shivering in the cold, the lateness of the day rendering it impossible for the boat to return. We passed a miserable night. Our position was one of great peril, as we felt the vessel rising and falling with the flowing and receding wave; we not knowing but that the next wave would liberate and sink our ill-fated ship—as was the case a few hours after we left her. We had nothing to subsist on but a few biscuits, and were almost frozen by the wet and extreme cold. About ten A.M. of the second day, the gig returned, bringing back the hope of life which had almost left us. This boat took us all off, the last remaining being myself, another passenger, and nine of the crew. The sea had now become more calm, and we got to the landing-place, about a mile and a half to the south-east of where our ship had struck; this place had been discovered by the first boat; and a rope had been fixed to the cliff, by which we climbed up the rock.

As the morning of the wreck was nearly pitch dark and the incidents were too crowded, many occurred which did not come under my personal observation. Miss Henderson was swept from the deck by an early wave; her brother survived, to die a more lingering death on the island. Mrs. Walker fell a victim to her maternal feelings, as she would not enter the boat without her child. It had been taken by the second mate, and placed in charge of the second steward in the rigging. One

\* The error may have arisen from the proximity of the ship to the Crozets, whose rock-bound coast abounds in compass-deranging ironstone. Or the compasses of the ship—which perhaps was not properly "swung" before leaving port—may have been affected by her cargo of iron.

of the ship's apprentices, much to his credit, gave up, on request, a life-buoy to one of the passengers. Terrible as the circumstances of this sad morning were, it is surprising the outward composure that was maintained throughout. I did not hear even one scream from the women. Mrs. Wordsworth showed great self-possession. When all landed and collected, we found forty lives had been lost, including one entire family of ten. George Mellor, a third-class passenger, died ashore of exhaustion the second night, and was buried in the sea.

Upon landing, I was regaled with a leg of a young albatross (of which and other birds there was fortunately a considerable store on the island) roasted; and after having been thirty hours on the wreck, I need scarcely say that I never tasted anything sweeter. A glance at the sterile rock on which the fates had driven us, and on which we were to live if we could for an indefinite time, showed that, compared with it, Crusoe's island was as the garden of Eden. We were on Apostle Island, which, to judge by the guano-deposit, must have been the home of seabirds for ages, and on which, very probably, the foot of man had but seldom if ever trod.

Before entering on the subject of our life on the island, it may be as well to give a brief account of the group of islands of which ours was one. The Crozet Islands are a volcanic group to the south of the Indian Ocean, lying between Kerguelen's Land on the east and Prince Edward's Islands on the west. They take their name from Crozet, a French naval officer. Apostle Island, on which we were, was the largest of the reef of rocks called the Twelve Apostles, forming part of the group. Large and small, islands and rocks inclusive, are twenty-six in number.

We spent the first and second nights ashore very miserably, owing to the cold and damp. My first night—the second since the wreck—I, along with five others, lay under a rock; next night we all got into a shanty which had been built, but we were so closely packed that it was not possible to sleep. Therefore next night, Bentley, Henderson, and I went back to the rock, under the ledge of which we slept for several weeks. Before we got more sheltered, by building up a wall of turf, we were sometimes, in the morning when we awoke, covered with two or three inches of snow. Little of any value was saved from the wreck; some clothes were got out of the fore-castle; and a passen-

ger's chest, containing sheetings, blankets, table-covers, knives, forks, spoons, and a few other things, was picked up on return to the ship by the life-boat. The boats picked up, floating, a cask of port wine, two cases of gin, two cases of rum, one of brandy, one of pickles, some firewood, and a case of ladies' boots, which were not of much use to us; also a case of confectionery, the tins of which became very serviceable as pots for culinary purposes.

Two barrels of gunpowder also were found, and matches; also some deck-planks and other pieces of timber were secured, which were useful for our fires. When the wood was exhausted, we discovered that the skins of the birds made excellent fuel. During the night of the 3d July, the boats moored to the rocks broke away and were lost. This was greatly deplored at the time; but I consider it a fortunate circumstance, for, the ship having sunk, the only flotsam that would have been recoverable was spirits, which perhaps we were better without. And for another reason: with the boats we might have been tempted to visit, and perhaps remain on Hog Island, which appeared about six miles off. We should have had a greater variety of food there, and probably altogether less privations and discomfort than we were subjected to on Apostle Island; but we would have been more out of the course of ships going to Australia or New Zealand, so that our rescue might have been much longer delayed.

The want of controlling authority was soon apparent in our small community. There was no one capable of exercising that influence, which by judgment, firmness, and a sense of justice, supported by the well-disposed, would have kept in check the troublesome spirits, who, however, were a small minority. Disciplinary power being wanting, the turbulent element was on the ascendant for some weeks after our landing. At length matters subsided into comparative order; but there never was perfect confidence. It was found advisable, for the general advantage, that we should be separated into parties; subsequently, into as many as six squads. This segregation was effected by a kind of natural affinity in the combining elements.

Mrs. Wordsworth lived for a considerable time in the large shanty, until a smaller one was given up for the sole use of her and her son. This lady was ill during nearly the whole time of our sojourn on the island, but bore the privations she

was subjected to with great fortitude. Little could be done to alleviate the hardships she suffered; she received such attention as the limited means at hand afforded; and was throughout treated with general respect. For instance, when dinner was served, each man passed his hat for his share of fowl; Mrs. Wordsworth's was handed to her on a piece of board.

A Bible had been saved, which was read aloud, and psalms sung from time to time with great fervency; and early teachings, which had lain long latent, were revived with great force in their application to our present condition. These readings had a peculiar solemnity when we were laying our dead in their graves. The emotions thus produced were with some probably transient, although at the time heartfelt; with others the impressions may be more lasting.

We found our island to be about a mile and a half long by half a mile in breadth; no wood grew on it, indeed a considerable part of it was bare rock; the rest of it was covered with rank grass, and an edible root with a top like a carrot, but not in any other respect resembling that useful esculent. We found this of great service to us, as it was our only vegetable, and grew plentifully; we ate the stalk at first, and afterwards the tops only; sometimes boiled, sometimes raw. It has been said that he was a brave man who first ate an egg; if that be admitted, I think some claim to courage may be made by our quartermaster "Bill," who, notwithstanding some warning jokes, first tested this plant, very much to our future benefit.

We were also fortunate in discovering an excellent spring of water, somewhat impregnated with iron, but imparting a quality which I believe was very favorable to our health. In our frequent and very necessary ablutions we used, in lieu of soap, the yolks of eggs and birds' livers; some made use of their blood for the same purpose, which I did not much incline to. When we landed on the island there were about two hundred of the albatross, young and old, and notwithstanding the warning of the ancient mariner, we killed many of these fine and, to us, useful birds. We agreed, however, not to meddle with the eggs, that we might in due time have the benefit of the young birds. There were several hundred of "graybacks" (knot), a very few small white pigeons, sea and land ducks, and lots of "whalers" (ivory gull) and divers — birds about twice the size of a sparrow. These make their

nests in the ground, about a foot or two deep. Mutton-birds were found for many months; they also make nests underground, but are rather more particular in selecting dry spots. They are about the size of a small hen, black-feathered, and coated with fat, which, even raw, we considered a luxury. The molly-hawks (fulmar petrel) came in about the middle of August: there were several hundreds of them. As soon as one lot was killed others came in; in all, there must have been five thousand, if not more. The first penguin was killed by the cook, I think on the 29th of September; only a few were seen within the next three days, but every day after that they came in hundreds. There must have been from time to time fully a million of these birds. We killed upwards of fifty thousand without making any apparent impression on their numbers. The albatross, which had left, returned to the island before we were taken off. This fine bird, that "holds its holiday in the stormy gale," I had heard say was fourteen feet in the expanse of its wings; but we had specimens on our rock that were seventeen feet from the extreme points of their extended pinions. Captain Carmichael (Linn. Trans. vol. xii.) says that the great albatross raises no nest, but merely selects some cavity for the reception of a single white egg; whereas those on our island raised a very fine high nest. It nourishes its young by disgorging the oily contents of its stomach. The cock-bird comes to land first, as it were to select the spot for the hen-bird to deposit the egg; which, when laid by the hen, he sits on for days, while the lady bird goes to sea.

The penguin, which feeds its young in the same way as the albatross, is a curious bird, having, in place of wings, two membranes which hang down at each side like little arms. It cannot fly. Its mode of walking is very singular, something between a waddle and a hop. As our rock was precipitous on all sides, the penguins came in where the rock was lowest, riding on the crest of the beating wave, often failing in their first attempts to land. When they touch the ground they march landward in Indian file, keeping good order; but are received as intruders by those already on shore. In fact their reception is most inhospitable; they are pecked at, and made to understand that they are not wanted; however, there is no blood shed, and they soon unite with the original settlers, in turn joining them in the assault on the next comers, or invad-



ers, as they seem to think. They sit for about two months apparently without eating, and then return to the sea greatly emaciated. The penguin makes no preparation for the egg, dropping it anywhere. Their patient endurance is remarkable. They often sit on the egg until their tails, covered with icicles, are frozen to the ground. This strange bird appears quite in keeping with the remote and lonely islands in which it congregates and has congregated for untold generations. The molly-hawks too, fine large birds, rendered us good service as food.

The killing of the birds was at first very repugnant to us. The albatross was easily despatched; but the penguin was more tenacious of life, and though a harmless bird if left unmolested, at times showed fight. The tedium of our life was mitigated by the necessity we were under in hunting these birds for our daily food; and the eggs which lay in hundreds around us were a very acceptable and nutritious article of diet, and contributed greatly to keeping up our strength.

We had recourse to many odd devices for table-articles, such as gin and other bottles for drinking-cups, as long as they remained unbroken; then bladders, and penguin-skins made into bags, into which we dipped a long hollow bone and imbibed the water, sherry-cobbler fashion. When we melted the fat of the birds it was poured into one of my sea-boots to cool, after which we put it into the skin bags to keep. My other boot was used to hold salt water. Bentley's boots were taken to the spring for fresh water, and were the best pitchers we had. When we had to resort to the feathers for fuel, the food took a long time to prepare, and one meal was scarcely finished ere cooking was begun for the next. Each man was cook for a week at a time. In our shanty we cut off the foot of a sea-boot and used it as a drinking-cup. Bentley was very handy; he made needles out of wire, part of the rigging. As for thread, we drew it from a strong counterpane, and when that failed, we used dried grass. A knife was made from hoop-iron from a gin-case, one side of the handle from the top of a powder-keg, the other side from the blade of an oar, riveted with wire from the rigging, the washers being made from a brass plate from the heel of my boot; also hands for a watch were fashioned from a plate likewise taken from my boot—all the work of Bentley. Our present abode was as truly the Rock of Storms, and as deserving of that title as ever the Cape

was. The island was ever more or less tempest-beaten. Our hardships from cold, rain, and snow were very severe; in fact, we were never warm, and hardly ever dry.

As time passed on from days to weeks, and from weeks to months, without succour, we thought somewhat sadly of the anxiety of our friends at home; yet in our shanty at least, we never despaired of being ultimately rescued. We kept up our spirits as well as we could, holding our Saturday evening concerts—the song with the loudest chorus being the greatest favorite. We had among us a cynic, whom we knew to be engaged, and who prophesied that all our sweethearts would be married by the time we got home! We had sighted four ships, two of them coming near; one so near that we saw the man at the wheel. The captain of this ship made no sign of seeing us, but we afterwards learned that he *did* see us, but did not even report that he had, when he got into port. This behavior on the part of one of our own countrymen contrasts painfully with the generous conduct of the gallant Americans who subsequently rescued us.

It would be bootless to narrate how from day to day we kept anxious watch; the record would be little more than a monotonous detail of disappointment, cheerless days, stormy weather, and bitterly cold nights. Our day on the look-out, which we took in turns, was a most wearisome duty. We had lost other four of our companions—five in all since we came ashore. Mr. Stanbury, a young man from Dover, died on the 19th of July of lockjaw. Mr. Henderson, who had been our companion on board ship and in our shelter under the rock, and who had become endeared to us by his good disposition, died of dysentery, after a long illness, on the 3d of September. We rendered him what assistance we could, but that was little. On the 23d of November, William Husband, an elderly seaman, died. On Christmas day, Mr. Walker's child died. This was the last death on the island. It is curious that all the bodies after death were quite limp. I do not know whether this can be accounted for by the diet or some peculiar atmospheric condition. I have heard that death caused by lightning is followed by the same result. Another curious observation I made was that, if we cut ourselves, however slightly, the bleeding did not altogether cease for a couple of days. The antiseptic effect of the guano was shown somewhat curiously. It was rumored that one of the dead had

been buried with a comb in his pocket; and one of our party wishing to obtain it, two months after the interment, found the body with no sign of decay.

January, 1876, had now come. In view of the future, we had collected and stored over a hundred gallons of bird-oil for the use of our lamps, which we kept burning all night, the wicks made from threads drawn from sheets and other articles. We had also gathered many penguin-skins for fuel. We had now to some extent become acclimatized, and were in better health than we were last year. We were put to great shifts for cooking-utensils, our kitchen ware being nearly worn out, though we found some hollow stones, which we used as frying and stew pans. We had, soon after landing, erected flag-staffs, on which we placed a counterpane or blanket to attract the attention of ships that might come near us.

Early in January we resolved to build, on an eminence, a high square tower of turf, for the double purpose of drawing the notice of passing ships and serving as a shelter for the man on the look-out. The digging of the turf was a great difficulty, our only implements being our hands and a piece or two of hoop-iron. We were greatly retarded in our building by the unfavorable weather, the rain coming down heavily. A vessel passed us on the 14th of this month, but no notice was taken of our signals.

January the 21st was an eventful day: deliverance was at hand! About six o'clock in the afternoon we were all startled by a cry from the man on the look-out: "Sail, ho!" We did not long delay in rushing up towards the flagstaff; we hoisted two flags, consisting of a piece of canvas and a blanket, one on the flagstaff and one on the unfinished tower; we kindled two fires, the smoke of which we calculated would be seen a good way off. The vessel did not at first seem to regard our signals; we were probably too impatient. She, however, soon made head towards us, when we became greatly excited; some, in their delight, cutting strange antics, in fact a genuine "break-down." When about a mile from our rock, to our great joy, she lowered two boats. They tried to effect a landing on the north side, but it was not possible. One of the boats coming nearer the rock, our sail-maker leaped into the water, and was hauled aboard. They then pulled to the point where we originally landed. Captain Giffard was in one of the boats. Night coming on, he told us that he could

not take us off until next morning, but that he should leave us some bread and pork. However, upon being told that there was a lady ashore, he gallantly brought his boat as close to the rock as he prudently could, and took aboard Mrs. Wordsworth, her son, two invalids, and the second mate. We spent this our last night on the island with little sleep, but with tumultuous feelings of joy and hope—for we were yet to see the friends who had long mourned us as dead.

Next morning, the vessel coming nearer, three boats came ashore for us. The carpenter having made four crosses of wood, they were placed to mark the graves of our unfortunate companions whose fate it was to rest in this lonely isle in the Indian Ocean, which we left with beating hearts and no regrets, and where we had spent six months and twenty-two days under very unusual conditions. I believe that the most thoughtless among us will remember with sobered feelings, and to his latest day, his sojourn on Apostle Island.

We were received on board the ship with the greatest kindness, being all provided with complete suits of new clothing taken from the ship's stores. Mrs. Wordsworth received every attention from Mrs. Giffard, the captain's wife. The ship which relieved us was the "Young Phoenix" of New Bedford, an American whaler, commanded by Captain Giffard. Of this kind-hearted and generous sailor it is impossible for us to speak in terms too laudatory: we would be ungrateful indeed if we did not keep him in lasting remembrance. I would fain hope that means will be found to reimburse him for the large pecuniary loss that, otherwise, his profusely unselfish generosity must involve.

On the 26th January we sighted the "Sierra Morena" of Liverpool, Captain Kennedy, bound to Kurrachee. As we overcrowded the "Young Phoenix," Captain Kennedy willingly agreed to take twenty of us to Point de Galle, Ceylon; where, after an agreeable passage, he landed us on the 24th of February. Our thanks are due to Captain Kennedy for the treatment we received on board his ship.

Our rescue had been quickly made known in England: on the 29th of February I received a telegram from home. I should have observed that Captain Giffard, for the time giving up the object of his cruise, steered for the Mauritius; but on the afternoon of the day we left, falling in with the "Childers," bound for Rangoon,

the remainder of our companions were transferred to that vessel, and subsequently shipped for home. We spent some time most agreeably at Point de Galle, receiving great kindness from the district judge, the ship's agent, the Church of England minister, the collector of customs, and other gentlemen. We were, in fact, treated more like friends than castaways, and are not likely ever to forget the attention we received.

I am again in England, and at home, endeavoring to look back upon the wreck of the "Strathmore" merely as an unpleasant dream.

G. D. C.

From Nature.

WHEWELL'S WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE.\*

WE frequently hear the complaint that as the boundaries of science are widened its cultivators become less of philosophers and more of specialists, each confining himself with increasing exclusiveness to the area with which he is familiar. This is probably an inevitable result of the development of science, which has made it impossible for any one man to acquire a thorough knowledge of the whole, while each of its sub-divisions is now large enough to afford occupation for the useful work of a lifetime. The ablest cultivators of science are agreed that the student, in order to make the most of his powers, should ascertain in what field of science these powers are most available, and that he should then confine his investigations to this field, making use of other parts of science only in so far as they bear upon his special subject.

Accordingly we find that Dr. Whewell, in his article in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" on "Archimedes and Greek Mathematics," says of Eratosthenes, who, like himself, was philologist, geometer, astronomer, poet, and antiquary: "It is seldom that one person attempts to master so many subjects without incurring the charge and perhaps the danger of being superficial."

It is probably on account of the number and diversity of the kinds of intellectual work in which Dr. Whewell attained eminence that his name is most widely known.

\* William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. An account of his Writings, with Selections from his Literary and Scientific Correspondence. By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S., Honorary Fellow of St. John's College. London: Macmillan and Co., 1876.

Of his actual performances the "History" and the "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences" are the most characteristic, and this because his practical acquaintance with a certain part of his great subject enabled him the better to deal with those parts which he had studied only in books, and to describe their relations in a more intelligent manner than those authors who have devoted themselves entirely to the general aspect of human knowledge without being actual workers in any particular department of it.

But the chief characteristic of Dr. Whewell's intellectual life seems to have been the energy and perseverance with which he pursued the development of each of the great ideas which had in the course of his life presented itself to him. Of these ideas some might be greater than others, but all were large.

The special pursuit, therefore, to which he devoted himself was the elaboration and the expression of the ideas appropriate to different branches of knowledge. The discovery of a new fact, the invention of a theory, the solution of a problem, the filling up of a gap in an existing science, were interesting to him not so much for their own sake as additions to the general stock of knowledge, as for their illustrative value as characteristic instances of the processes by which all human knowledge is developed.

To watch the first germ of an appropriate idea as it was developed either in his own mind or in the writings of the founders of the sciences, to frame appropriate and scientific words in which the idea might be expressed, and then to construct a treatise in which the idea should be largely developed and the appropriate words copiously exemplified — such seems to have been the natural channel of his intellectual activity in whatever direction it overflowed. When any of his great works had reached this stage he prepared himself for some other labor, and if new editions of his work were called for, the alterations which he introduced often rather tended to destroy than to complete the unity of the original plan.

Mr. Todhunter has given us an exhaustive account of Dr. Whewell's writings and scientific work, and in this we may easily trace the leading ideas which he successively inculcated as a writer. We can only share Mr. Todhunter's regret that it is only as a writer that he appears in this book, and it is to be hoped that the promised account of his complete life as a man may enable us to

form a fuller conception of the individuality and unity of his character, which it is hard to gather from the multifarious collection of his books.

Dr. Whewell first appears before us as the author of a long series of text-books on mechanics. His position as a tutor of his college, and the interest which he took in university education, may have induced him to spend more time in the composition of elementary treatises than would otherwise have been congenial to him, but in the prefaces to the different editions, as well as in the introductory chapters of each treatise, he shows that sense of the intellectual and educational value of the study of first principles which distinguishes all his writings. It is manifest from his other writings, that the composition of these text-books, involving as it did a thorough study of the fundamental science of dynamics, was a most appropriate training for his subsequent labors in the survey of the sciences in their widest extent.

It has always appeared to me [says Mr. Todhunter] that Mr. Whewell would have been of great benefit to students if he had undertaken a critical revision of the technical language of mechanics. This language was formed to a great extent by the early writers at an epoch when the subject was imperfectly understood, and many terms were used without well-defined meanings. Gradually the language has been improved, but it is still open to objection.

In after years, when his authority in scientific terminology was widely recognized, we find Faraday, Lyell, and others applying to him for appropriate expressions for the subject-matter of their discoveries, and receiving in reply systems of scientific terms which have not only held their place in technical treatises, but are gradually becoming familiar to the ordinary reader.

"Is it not true," Dr. Whewell asks in his address to the Geological Society, "in our science as in all others, that a technical phraseology is real wealth, because it puts in our hands a vast treasure of foregone generalizations?"

Perhaps, however, he felt it less difficult to induce scientific men to adopt a new term for a new idea than to persuade the students and teachers of a university to alter the phraseology of a time-honored study.

But even in the elementary treatment of dynamics, if we compare the text-books of different dates, we cannot fail to recognize a marked progress. Those by Dr. Whewell were far in advance of any former

text-books as regards logical coherence and scientific accuracy, and if many of those which have been published since have fallen behind in these respects, most of them have introduced some slight improvement in terminology which has not been allowed to be lost.

Dr. Whewell's opinion with respect to the evidence of the fundamental doctrines of mechanics is repeatedly inculcated in his writings. He considered that experiment was necessary in order to suggest these truths to the mind, but that the doctrine when once fairly set before the mind is apprehended by it as strictly true, the accuracy of the doctrine being in no way dependent on the accuracy of observation of the result of the experiment.

He therefore regarded experiments on the laws of motion as illustrative experiments, meant to make us familiar with the general aspect of certain phenomena, and not as experiments of research from which the results are to be deduced by careful measurement and calculation.

Thus experiments on the fall of bodies may be regarded as experiments of research into the laws of gravity. We find by careful measurements of times and distances that the intensity of the force of gravity is the same whatever be the motion of the body on which it acts. We also ascertain the direction and magnitude of this force on different bodies and in different places. All this can only be done by careful measurement, and the results are affected by all the errors of observation to which we are liable.

The same experiments may be also taken as illustrations of the laws of motion. The performance of the experiments tends to make us familiar with these laws, and to impress them on our minds. But the laws of motion cannot be proved to be accurate by a comparison of the observations which we make, for it is only by taking the laws for granted that we have any basis for our calculations. We may ascertain, no doubt, by experiment, that the acceleration of a body acted on by gravity is the same whatever be the motion of that body, but this does not prove that a constant force produces a constant acceleration, but only that gravity is a force, the intensity of which does not depend on the velocity of the body on which it acts.

The truth of Dr. Whewell's principle is curiously illustrated by a case in which he persistently contradicted it. In a paper communicated to the Philosophical Society of Cambridge, and reprinted at the end

of his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," Dr. Whewell conceived that he had proved, *a priori*, that all matter must be heavy. He was well acquainted with the history of the establishment of the law of gravitation, and knew that it was only by careful experiments and observations that Newton ascertained that the effect of gravitation on two equal masses is the same whatever be the chemical nature of the bodies, but in spite of this he maintained that it is contrary not only to observation but to reason, that any body should be repelled instead of attracted by another, whereas it is a matter of daily experience, that any two bodies when they are brought near enough, repel each other.

The fact seems to be that, finding the word weight employed in ordinary language to denote the quantity of matter in a body, though in scientific language it denotes the tendency of that body to move downwards, and at the same time supposing that the word mass in its scientific sense was not yet sufficiently established to be used without danger in ordinary language, Dr. Whewell endeavored to make the word weight carry the meaning of the word mass. Thus he tells us that "the weight of the whole compound must be equal to the weights of the separate elements."

On this Mr. Todhunter very properly observes:—

Of course there is no practical uncertainty as to this principle; but Dr. Whewell seems to allow his readers to imagine that it is of the same nature as the axiom that "two straight lines cannot inclose a space." There is, however, a wide difference between them, depending on a fact which Dr. Whewell has himself recognized in another place (see vol. i., p. 224). The truth is, that *strictly* speaking the weight of the whole compound is not equal to the weight of the separate elements; for the weight depends upon the position of the compound particles, and in general by altering the position of the particles, the resultant effect which we call weight is altered, though it may be to an inappreciable extent.

It is evident that what Dr. Whewell should have said was: "The mass of the whole compound must be equal to the sum of the masses of the separate elements." This statement all would admit to be strictly true, and yet not a single experiment has ever been made in order to verify it. All chemical measurements are made by comparing the weights of bodies, and not by comparing the forces required to produce given changes of

motion in the bodies; and as we have just been reminded by Mr. Todhunter, the method of comparing quantities of matter by weighing them is not strictly correct.

Thus, then, we are led by experiments which are not only liable to error, but which are to a certain extent erroneous in principle, to a statement which is universally acknowledged to be strictly true. Our conviction of its truth must therefore rest on some deeper foundation than the experiments which suggested it to our minds. The belief in and the search for such foundations is, I think, the most characteristic feature of all Dr. Whewell's work.

J. CLERK MAXWELL.

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From The Economist.

#### THE TURKISH ATROCITIES.

FOREIGN policy does not easily seize hold of the imaginations of Englishmen, and it is with great difficulty that either the intellectual interests or the moral sympathies are fixed upon the confused and complicated incidents of a warfare, such as is now being waged upon the borders of Servia. But when a view of any such controversy does get hold of the popular mind, it is apt to be fierce and persistent, for it is not modified by any direct weighing of evidence. It is most frequently through the emotions that such a view of distant events acquires power, and being almost beyond the pale of reasoning, it is likely to become a dangerous force in politics. Thus, we believe, the Crimean War was the direct consequence of a popular impulse, which had its root in the inaccurate judgment of the English people upon some ambiguous acts and expressions of the emperor Nicholas, for the explanations and modifications of which no hearing could be obtained. We are not without apprehension that the present temper of the public mind is now as dangerously bent upon the opposite course. The moral effect produced by the history of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria has been rarely paralleled in this country. While foreign critics, who generally miss the point of popular movements in England, are declaiming against the English government as the protector and patron of the Turk, the real danger is not that England may plunge into war or involve herself in diplomatic meshes in defence of the Ottoman government, but that she may be forced into a military or political



intervention, abounding in risks and responsibilities, for the humiliation or subjection of the Turks; and this is a penal measure to satisfy the boiling anger and indignation of our countrymen. We need not say that we trust so injurious and ill-considered an impulse will be resisted as well by the leaders of the Liberal party as by the Conservative ministry. It must be admitted that the danger is not imaginary when distinguished Liberals below the gangway insist that it is Mr. Disraeli's duty to send the British fleet at once from Besika Bay to the Golden Horn, there to punish or terrify the ministers of the Porte. The debate raised by Mr. Anderson on Monday was renewed by Mr. Ashley on Friday, and in the interval Mr. Bourke had to reply to a searching question addressed to him by Mr. Ritchie. The agitation out-of-doors is even now significantly vigorous, and if the stories of outrages like those perpetrated by the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, in Bulgaria, should be repeated during the progress of the Turkish invasion, we may see the ministry forced by an irresistible wave of public feeling into a war, with aims and issues that never entered into their calculations. We can only hope that those who influence the popular sentiment will now be firm, sober, and careful in their estimate of consequences; that the ministry will take precautions to free itself from any further responsibility, such as has been perilously incurred by Mr. Disraeli's levity of language, and Sir Henry Elliot's apathy or incompetence; that the government at Constantinople will see the necessity and possess the power of restraining the armies that have invaded Servian territory from the abominable practices which disgraced the irregulars let loose upon Bulgaria; and finally, that with the least possible delay the truth may appear. It is essential that the whole story should be disclosed in all its detail as soon as may be, and we cannot understand why, for the public interest and for their own, they have not hastened the publication in this country of Mr. Baring's full and final report. The telegraph is as much at the disposal of the government as at that of the newspapers, and if Mr. Bourke could present a complete statement of what Mr. Baring declares he ascertained for himself, he would silence much conjectural, but not less injurious criticism.

But whatever means may be taken to allay the public excitement upon this ques-

tion, and to prevent its exacerbation, ought to be taken at once. The crimes charged against the Turkish irregular troops in Bulgaria, are of a kind against which the manly nature of Englishmen revolts with a sickening repulsion, not easily overcome or forgotten. Torture, massacre of defenceless prisoners, outrages on women, the sale of children into slavery and infamy—these are things that make English blood boil, and if one-tenth of what has been reported from Bulgaria be true, the Turkish irregular soldiery have been guilty of all these things and worse. Even Mr. Baring's first impressions were fatally damaging to the Turks; he wrote in his first despatch: "Till I have visited the villages, I hardly dare speak, but my present opinion, which I trust hereafter to be able to modify, is that about twelve thousand Bulgarians have perished. Sixty villages have been wholly or partially burned; by far the greater portion of them by the Bashi-Bazouks." But in this account, and in the official reports of the Turks, the worst abominations are denied or slurred over. It would be more in the interest of the Porte to confess them frankly, and to show a desire to expiate them by the punishment of the guilty, and a sincere endeavor to suppress any similar atrocities in other quarters. It is said that the Turks, in reply to the repeated remonstrances of our government, have given assurances that they will do, that they are doing, all in their power to mete out exemplary punishment to the criminals, and to suppress sternly any further outrages at the seat of war, or in the districts where the insurrection has been subdued. But even if these assurances should be found untrustworthy, as so many Turkish promises have been before, we hope it will be remembered that the effect of an English menace to the Turkish government, such as Mr. Jacob Bright and Mr. Whitwell call upon the government to use, would be to dissolve at once the whole fabric of Turkish government, to set half-a-dozen new wars and insurrections on foot, and to compel us to undertake responsibilities in the restoration of peace, the cost of which we have not calculated. Our intervention would probably, in the first instance, lead to a vast increase in the destructiveness and the horrible character of the war in the East, and would involve us in risks for which we see no compensating advantage to the victims of Ottoman oppression.

From The Pall Mall Budget.

## THE WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN FROM A CHINESE POINT OF VIEW.

THE other day a learned judge, charged with adjusting the more serious differences that arise between married couples, delivered a long disquisition on the marked change that has taken place of late in the habits and manners of young persons of the softer sex. Ladies, in his opinion, are gradually assuming a freedom of action and demeanor from which a little while ago they would have shrunk with wholesome aversion. Unfortunately, however, he indicated no remedy for this state of things, although few persons are better qualified to offer advice upon a subject so closely connected with domestic happiness. Had he the requisite leisure he might employ it with advantage in the compilation of a work similar to one which, it seems, enjoys high favor among the Chinese. It is known as the "Nuu Shun; or, Instructions to Women," and has lately been brought home to us in a French translation.

In this popular *vade mecum* the whole duty of woman is set forth with all the minuteness of detail dear to the natives of the Celestial empire. At the beginning young ladies are cautioned how needful it is for them to observe the duties of politeness, to implicitly regard the injunctions of their parents, never to act from caprice, and to learn to make due distinction between persons of different positions. Young girls are, moreover, enjoined always to preserve a seemly demeanor, not to look round while walking, invariably to retire when male visitors make their appearance, and, above all, not to regard the latter too curiously. They are prohibited from going to the pagoda, counselled always to be provided with a lantern when unavoidably out at night, and enjoined to rise in the morning at cock-crow. Hilarity is evidently not considered becoming, giggling young ladies being but little esteemed by the Chinese. Neither is garrulity approved of, gossips creating, we are assured, not only mischief among others but ample annoyance for themselves.

Reading and conversation are treated of at length. "If," says our mentor to his disciples, "you do not read the books of saints and sages, how will you know the rites, the duties, the four virtues, and the three obediences?"—namely, of the young girl towards her parents, of the wife towards her husband, and the widow towards the eldest of her sons? And he cites the example of Isoun, who threw

herself against the sword that threatened her husband; of the mother of Ao, who, being too poor to buy books, taught her son to read by tracing letters on the sand; and of other worthy examples. "Women," he observes, "should know how to keep accounts in order to be capable of managing a household," a circumstance well understood out of China. And women, he insists, "should study books of filial piety and morality in preference to amatory poetry, should not store their memories with songs and anecdotes, nor listen to relations of romances;" in other words, should eschew Mudie literature. He is evidently sensible of the difficulties of the task he seeks to impose, for he observes that "effort upon effort must be made to follow these injunctions." "The merit of a woman," remarks this Celestial Solomon, "consists, above all, in being reserved, and not meddling too much in other people's business. A man should not speak of his home affairs, nor a woman of outside matters." "There are circumstances," he admits, "under which a woman ought to speak;" but he advises her to do so "with softness and moderation, and never to let bad or angry words escape her." The Chinese golden rule that "to speak little is a fine accomplishment," will be unwelcome to European or transatlantic belles with a reputation for brilliant small talk; but in these days of lath and plaster villas the wisdom of the recommendation that "if a visitor is in the drawing-room the mistress of the house should be careful not to speak too loud in the kitchen," will be very generally recognized.

Our Chinese mentor expresses himself briefly but to the point on matters relating to the toilette, and English husbands will certainly approve of his maxims: "Study simplicity and neatness. If you are painted and dressed in bright-colored garments, men will stare at you. Do not use rouge and powder every day. Be not too fond of gold, silver, pearls, and jade—all very expensive articles. Be careful of your embroidered and silk attire, and do not wear it excepting when necessary." A careful woman will dress usually in cotton stuffs, but we are not so sure that she "ought not to throw them aside even when they become soiled." She might wash them at least.

Parental respect is strongly inculcated. "The brother and sister, though of different sexes, owe the same respect to their parents; they should behave towards them both morning and evening in an amiable manner, ask them if they are warm or

cold, bring them their food, and supply them with new shoes when necessary; they must obey their orders and endure their anger without replying." A young lady when grown up and married is enjoined not to forget the benefits she has received from her parents. "Once or twice a year she ought to ask her husband's leave to go and see them." Nothing is said, however, on the subject of return visits on the part of the mother-in-law. Ample directions are given as to the bride's behavior towards her husband and the members of his family. "From the remotest antiquity to the present time the rule in marriage is that the husband commands and the wife obeys. In all matters it is the husband who will decide, and it is the duty of the wife to conform to his decision." Not only is the wife to obey her husband, but she is to be even more attentive and respectful to his parents than towards her own. "She must inquire after their health night and morning, help them to go in and out, always meet them with a smiling countenance, obey their orders, bring them food and drink at appointed times, and joyfully offer to wash their clothes, caps, and sashes. She must furnish them with new shoes, new clothes, and new blankets, fulfil all their wishes without delay, and make every effort to satisfy them. Your new parents," she is told, "have the right to scold you if you are in the wrong," and under such circumstances she is only at liberty to reproach herself, and not to utter a single word against them. Younger sisters residing with their married brothers are enjoined neither to hate nor deceive their sisters-in-law, and if the latter have faults they are to conceal and not divulge them. For it is remarked that "young girls are too fond of telling everything, thereby causing serious misunderstandings."

A very delicate section, but one which has no application in this country, is that treating of "the consideration to be shown towards the second wife." If the first wife has not the happiness to give birth to a male child, the husband chooses a person whom he loves, in order to have a son who will continue his race. In these circumstances, remarks the sage, it does not do to give way to sentiments of jealousy, for it is necessary that all who live in the same house should maintain amicable relations. But he concludes by recording the sad fact that "nowadays great dissensions exist between first and second wives. Out of a hundred first wives scarcely more than one or two are of a mild and affable character." For this reason he considers

it all the more necessary to impress upon such of his fair readers as have to yield their places to second wives the desirability of controlling their feelings.

The rules laid down for the management of children are very few. They are to be kept clean, they are not to be allowed to eat and drink gluttonously, nor to play too much for fear of contracting idle habits; and whenever a visitor arrives the girls are to be sent away and the boys only presented. Here also there are rules for summoning servants of both sexes. Their master is to exhibit towards them a serious air, and to forbear jesting with them on any pretence; but if they have committed a fault they are on the first occasion to be called to account—on the next they may be beaten. Paterfamilias, after reprimanding his butler for making too free with the '32 port, is afterwards justified in kicking him downstairs. The calculating wisdom of the Celestial crops out in the advice given to feed servants well, "since if you are sparing of their food they will be sparing of their exertions." As regards one's neighbors the having of a good understanding with them is held up as "a magnificent thing," and elsewhere "unity between neighbors" is proclaimed to be an "inestimable jewel."

The section devoted to "woman's work" may possibly not find favor in the eyes of the advocates of woman's rights. Chinese women are enjoined to rise early, since "as spring is the most favorable season for the work of the year, so is the dawn for that of the day." They are, moreover, bidden to take care of the hemp and the mulberry-trees; to spin with zeal silk and cotton for their own use; to learn to cut out and make their own garments, and not to have recourse to assistance elsewhere; to wash these when they get soiled in order not to become an object of repugnance to others; while such leisure time as they can find is to be devoted to making shoes for their husbands and children, their fathers and mothers in law. Mr. Buckmaster and other professors of the school of cookery will be pleased to learn that in China the care of the kitchen is regarded as one of the first of the wife's duties. Morning and evening she has to prepare the necessary dishes of fish, meat, soup, and vegetables, taking care that they are neither too salt nor too sour, and that the cups and plates are always clean. When a guest arrives tea and hot water are to be at once served, the one for internal, the other for external use. The wife is enjoined always to fall in with her husband's

wishes when it is a question of pressing a visitor to stay to dinner. On such occasions the eatables and drinkables are to be the best that the house can afford, although we are assured that it is of little moment what is offered if it is only offered with politeness. And no doubt it is true that "the husband of a woman who knows how to receive a visitor is certain of being well received elsewhere."

A concluding section of the work relates to the libations and offerings accorded to the dead. Mourning for a husband and for a father or mother in law lasts for three years. During this time the wife has to wear garments unhemmed at the bottom, and of a sad color. To laugh in the presence of funereal hangings exposes the offender to universal contempt. "In spring and autumn offerings have to be made to the dead, and this established rule is not to be lightly disregarded." "The porcelain utensils reserved for this purpose must be of the best quality and scrupulously clean." The wife is required to prepare all with her own hands, "letting her zeal testify the sincerity of her sentiments." Conjugal fidelity is expected of her not only during her husband's lifetime but after his decease. She is adjured to emulate the virtuous heroines of antiquity—the wife of Ven-tchiang, who cut off an ear to disfigure herself; the spouse of Wang-i, who cut off her arm to escape a seducer; the lady of Koung-Kiang, who "took an oath as tough as a boat of cypress wood;" and the widow Soung, who refused to quit her husband's tomb. Finally, she is told "not to imitate faithless women who transgress their duties, but to keep her heart, hard as stone and iron, always pure."

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From The Examiner.

#### ON TALKERS.

A GENTLEMAN well known in literary circles for his inexhaustible flow of words was one day lamenting the decay of good conversationalists, when a very clever lady remarked that what she most regretted in the present day was the decay of good listeners. We fear the decay of good listeners is a sad and momentous fact, and proves the demoralized state of mind of the men and women of the present generation. It is not easy to be a good listener, for it requires certain high moral qualities. A man to listen well must be unselfish, he must be willing both to give and take.

He must have powers of self-control, for he must be ready to give his mind for a moment into another man's custody. He must have a certain amount of deference and humility, which the man who accompanies your words with a running commentary of protest or contradiction does not possess. The person who lets his eye wander while you are talking to him shows that he is deficient in the first element of good breeding, courtesy. The eye of the good listener is one of the eyes which the poet and novelist have not remembered to extol. It is always serene, patient, and intelligent. It is sad to think how few persons will take the trouble of learning the art of attention in its simplest form. The majority who will not listen, however, do not hesitate in constantly demanding of their neighbors what Mark Antony asked as a favor of his countrymen, to "lend him their ears." When you have gratified their request they do not hesitate to inflict the greatest injury on those sensitive and much-abused organs. The sermons of Mr. Carlyle, preached in innumerable large volumes, on the text, "Silence is golden," have borne but little fruit. It is said of the elder Matthews that he suffered from a painful disease of the tongue, from having talked so much and so fast; we have often wondered that the disease is not more prevalent in the present day. No doubt, if the majority of people were more silent life might possibly become a little more dull, but it would be prolonged. The companion who is ever talking is no better than a murderer, and in a healthy state of society he would be hanged. The saddest part of the matter is that most men talk, not because they have anything to say, but because they have a dread that the world will discover that they have no great wit. If they would only read a book much despised in this clever age, but which contains many wise sayings, they would find it there stated that "even a fool when he holdeth his tongue is counted wise." How many a man has gained a reputation for having a great deal in him by the simple process of holding his tongue. It is, however, now rare to meet with any one who ever thinks of ruling that member. But still, although talking goes on in the world without intermission, conversation in its proper sense is fast dying out. Our talking, like our writing, is serious and dull, and is unrelieved by wit and brilliancy. There is no greater nuisance than when a company at dinner is forced to listen to two literary lions, who try to

be clever and smart. No doubt it is pleasing to them, and to them only, but it is not conversation, because all present do not share in it. Nothing is more annoying than to find two men interrupt the easy flow of talk by a hot argumentation. As De Quincey says, "Mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry champions to lock up and sequester, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit in sad civility, witnesses of a contest which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management." There are a small class of men who mistake declamation for conversation. Coleridge was a good talker, but he spoilt it by too much declamation. The declamation of Coleridge was, however, instructive and brilliant, but the declamation of the modern *littérateur* can hardly, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered one or the other. No conversation was ever so delightful as that of Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson. But then the famous club was composed of clever men who conversed freely on every subject, and who had steeped their minds in literature. In the present day most men limit their reading to their own writings. There are men whose sole conversation consists in putting forth the one idea they have borrowed from the leading article in the morning. But they are not nearly so disagreeable as the pretentious talker who talks his own article in a loud and authoritative voice. The leader-writer's talk as a rule consists in making pungent and exaggerated remarks on most topics. He carries his professional art into social life. It is not conversation, but it is amusing if not carried too far, and it is useful at times. The writer of social articles is a man who earns a miserable pittance by making bricks without straw, and he acquires the painful art of going on talking for any length of time about absolutely nothing. He is horribly vapid on nearly every subject, but he prattles to his unfortunate listeners like a giant rejoicing to run his course. Among young ladies in the country he can, however, generally ensure both attention and applause. The most spurious kind of talker is the middle-aged college don who has spent his vacation on the Continent, and who steals his new views and interpretations from foreign magazines. This is a very easy road to a reputation for sound learning in one of our universities. The most affected

talker is the young college don who solves the enigma of free-will and constructs a philosophy of being in twenty minutes. He is fond of parading his small knowledge of Hegel and Herbert Spencer, and he is always expressing his deep regret that the university does not allow him a large endowment for the purposes of research. He is a man whom only an esoteric audience can appreciate or bring out to his best. To the common vulgar herd he is only a bore. He does not converse, but he expresses his opinions in a serene, confident voice. If you speak to him of Shakespeare he gives a sickly smile, and asks you if you have read Rossetti. He informs you that works of art can only be "appreciated by loving and reverent criticism," and that if you wish to understand an author you must get behind his soul. He will not discuss anything so vulgar as politics; but on green paper and china plates he can be eloquent. His language is nicely chosen, but it would be inconsistent with his genius to call things by the same names as are used by inferior men. There is only one thing of which he is ignorant. He is not aware that display of vanity is one of the most annoying of the minor social sins. A large view of life, however, ought to teach all of us to be tolerant of all things—even of the young Oxford prig and his talk.

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From The Leisure Hour.  
SERVIA.

SERVIA is about one-fifth smaller than Scotland, and sparsely inhabited by 1,352,000 inhabitants. Like Scotland, it is a land of mountains. On the south-west the mountains consist of offshoots of the Dinaric Alps, and elsewhere the branches of the Balkan chain. One of these, gathered into a knotty group in the centre of the country, forms the Rudrik Mountains. Another, running northwards, meets a range of the Carpathians, and with it forms the "Iron Gates" of the Danube. Nothing can exceed the wildness and stern sublimity of this celebrated portal, through which the great river flows. Generally speaking, Servia is traversed from south to north by extensive mountain ridges. These form valleys, which nowhere expand into plains. In its physical features the country is not unlike Bosnia and the Herzegovina, but with its green and well-wooded hills it is in striking contrast to the bare and sterile region of Montenegro.



As Montenegro was the unconquered remnant of the old Serbian empire, therefore the little principality in the Black Mountain may, in that sense, be held as its truest representative. Modern Serbia however, on account alike of name, resources, and geographical position, claims continuity of national life with the Serbia of the fourteenth century. The motto of the princes of the present house of Obrenovitch is, "Time and my right." Their arms represent a white cross on a red field, and on the cross are inscribed two dates, 1389—1815; between them lies a drawn sword. The first date commemorates the fatal fight of Kossova, when the Serbians, overthrown by the Ottoman arms, became a subject people; the second marks the year when Milosch Obrenovitch went from his dwelling among the mountains of the interior to the church of Takovo to raise anew the standard of

revolt. The drawn sword between the dates may be taken to indicate that the attitude of the subject Serbs on the Danube during four long centuries of Turkish rule was not one of servile submission, but of a nourished antagonism. What gives importance to the revolt of 1815 is that it resulted in the permanent acknowledgment of Serbia by the Porte as a self-governing though still tributary power, under native rulers. Serbia, restored to the Serbs, brought back with it the hope at some future time of entire independence, and of an extension of territory co-extensive with the old Serbian kingdom. Nor do the free and warlike inhabitants of the Black Mountain entertain any jealousy of the national aspirations of their brethren on the Danube. The two Serb powers are in close alliance, and between the families of the respective princes there exists a cordial friendship.

**THE MAMMALS OF THE ASSYRIAN SCULPTURES.**—The Rev. W. Houghton, who is a well-known contributor to this journal, recently read a paper on the above subject before the Society of Biblical Archaeology (May 2, 1876). Beginning with the order Quadrumana, Mr. Houghton said two species were represented. He referred to the absurdly human appearance of the monkeys of the sculptures: the face is that of a man with a fringe of whiskers round it neatly trimmed, but one figure more true to nature indicates the species of monkey—viz., *Presbyter entellus*, the hoonuman of India, or some closely allied species. There was also another species, the *Micacus silenus*. The Assyrian word for monkey was *u-du-mu*, the same as the Hebrew word *Adam*, "a man;" compare our "anthropoid ape." Of the order *Feræ* there are mentioned the lion, the hyena (in Accadian *lig-bar-ra*, "striped dog"); the bear, *Ursus Syriacus*, especially as being of various colors, and the leopard. Other wild animals were the hare, *Lepus Sinaiticus* (*ku-zin-na*, "face of the desert"); the wild bull, which was clearly a *Bos* and not a *Bubalus*, most probably *Bos primigenius* of the tertiary period; the wild goat (*Capra Sinaitica*), the Asiatic steinboc or ibex; the wild sheep (*Caprovus orientalis*), the wild deer (*Cervus Mesopotamicus*), and other species, *Cervus elaphus* and *Cervus Maral*, or Persian deer; the gazelle (*G. dorcas*); the wild ass (*Equus hemippus*); the elephant (*Elephas Indicus*); the rhinoceros, or, as it is called on the black obelisk of Shalmaneser, "the ox from the river Saceya;" and the wild boar (*Sus scrofa*).

Popular Science Review.

**THE VISIBLE HORIZON.**—A point of some scientific interest has just been argued in the High Court of Justice. It was contended by the solicitor-general that the three miles' limit of territorial waters was of modern origin, and by Sir R. Phillimore that it was due to that being the distance a cannon-ball would reach from the shore. There can, however, be no doubt that the limit was recognized long before the invention of gunpowder.

Three miles is the distance of the *offing* or visible horizon to a person six feet in height standing on the shore. It is natural to suppose that the early maritime peoples of Europe would lay claim to the sea as far as the eye could reach. This distance they would find by experience was just *three miles*, and it can be proved mathematically to be correct. Measured by this standard—a tall man, usually taken as six feet high—the distance is invariable for all time, places, and peoples; measured by a cannon-ball, it is constantly varying, and now ought to be five miles rather than three. The fact that the distance depends on both ocular and mathematical demonstration, and is not subject to improvement in gunnery, is the best explanation of its origin and application.

B. G. JENKINS.

Dulwich, May 8.

Nature.

PROVOST CAZENOVE has retired from the editorship of the *Church Quarterly*, but will continue to contribute to that periodical. The new editor is Canon Chichester. Athenæum.